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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XVII.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Sept. 9, '85.—Mamma is teaching Jean a little natural history and is making a little collection of insects for her. But mamma does not allow Jean to kill any insects she only collects those insects that are found dead. Mamma has told us all, perticularly Jean, to bring her all the little dead insects that she finds. The other day as we were all sitting at supper Jean broke into the room and ran triumfantly up to Mamma and presented her with a plate full of dead flies. Mamma thanked Jean very enthusiastically although she with difficulty concealed her amusement. Just then Sour Mash entered the room and Jean believing her hungry asked Mamma for permission to give her the flies. Mamma laughingly consented and the flies almost immediately dissapeared.

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[*Monday, October 15, 1906.*] Sour Mash's presence indicates that this adventure occurred at Quarry Farm. Susy's Biography interests itself pretty exclusively with historical facts; where they happen is not a matter of much concern to her. When other historians refer to the Bunker Hill Monument they know it is not necessary to mention that that monument is in Boston. Susy recognizes that when she mentions Sour Mash it is not necessary to localize her. To Susy, Sour Mash is the Bunker Hill Monument of Quarry Farm.

Ordinary cats have some partiality for living flies, but none for dead ones; but Susy does not trouble herself to apologize for Sour Mash's eccentricities of taste. This Biography was for *us*, and Susy knew that nothing that Sour Mash might do could startle us or need explanation, we being aware that she was not an ordinary cat, but moving upon a plane far above the prejudices and superstitions which are law to common catdom.

Once in Hartford the flies were so numerous for a time, and so troublesome, that Mrs. Clemens conceived the idea of paying George* a bounty on all the flies he might kill. The children saw an opportunity here for the acquisition of sudden wealth. They supposed that their mother merely wanted to accumulate dead flies, for some æsthetic or scientific reason or other, and they judged that the more flies she could get the happier she would be; so they went into business with George on a commission. Straightway the dead flies began to arrive in such quantities that Mrs. Clemens was pleased beyond words with the success of her idea. Next, she was astonished that one house could furnish so many. She was paying an extravagantly high bounty, and it presently began to look as if by this addition to our expenses we were now probably living beyond our income. After a few days there was peace and comfort; not a fly was discoverable in the house; there wasn't a straggler left. Still, to Mrs. Clemens's surprise, the dead flies continued to arrive by the plateful, and the bounty expense was as crushing as ever. Then she made inquiry, and found that our innocent little rascals had established a Fly Trust, and had hired all the children in the neighborhood to collect flies on a cheap and unburdensome commission.

Mrs. Clemens's experience in this matter was a new one for

* The colored butler.

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her, but the governments of the world had tried it, and wept over it, and discarded it, every half-century since man was created. Any Government could have told her that the best way to increase wolves in America, rabbits in Australia, and snakes in India, is to pay a bounty on their scalps. Then every patriot goes to raising them.

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Sept. 10, '85.—The other evening Clara and I brought down our new soap bubble water and we all blew soap bubles. Papa blew his soap bubles and filled them with tobacco smoke and as the light shone on them they took very beautiful opaline colors. Papa would hold them and then let us catch them in our hand and they felt delightful to the touch the mixture of the smoke and water had a singularly pleasant effect.

It is human life. We are blown upon the world; we float buoyantly upon the summer air a little while, complacently showing off our grace of form and our dainty iridescent colors; then we vanish with a little puff, leaving nothing behind but a memory—and sometimes not even that. I suppose that at those solemn times when we wake in the deeps of the night and reflect, there is not one of us who is not willing to confess that he is really only a soap-bubble, and as little worth the making.

I remember those days of twenty-one years ago, and a certain pathos clings about them. Susy, with her manifold young charms and her iridescent mind, was as lovely a bubble as any we made that day—and as transitory. She passed, as they passed, in her youth and beauty, and nothing of her is left but a heartbreak and a memory. That long-vanished day came vividly back to me a few weeks ago when, for the first time in twenty-one years, I found myself again amusing a child with smoke-charged soap-bubbles.

Susy's next date is November 29th, 1885, the eve of my fiftieth birthday. It seems a good while ago. I must have been rather
(1885.) young for my age then, for I was trying to tame an old-fashioned bicycle nine feet high. It is to me almost unbelievable, at my present stage of life, that there have really been people willing to trust themselves upon a dizzy and unstable altitude like that, and that I was one of them. Twichell and I took lessons every day. He succeeded, and became a master of the art of riding that wild vehicle, but I had no gift in that direction and was never able to stay on mine long enough to get

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any satisfactory view of the planet. Every time I tried to steal a look at a pretty girl, or any other kind of scenery, that single moment of inattention gave the bicycle the chance it had been waiting for, and I went over the front of it and struck the ground on my head or my back before I had time to realize that something was happening. I didn't always go over the front way; I had other ways, and practised them all; but no matter which way was chosen for me there was always one monotonous result —the bicycle skinned my leg and leaped up into the air and came down on top of me. Sometimes its wires were so sprung by this violent performance that it had the collapsed look of an umbrella that had had a misunderstanding with a cyclone. After each day's practice I arrived at home with my skin hanging in ribbons, from my knees down. I plastered the ribbons on where they belonged, and bound them there with handkerchiefs steeped in Pond's Extract, and was ready for more adventures next day. It was always a surprise to me that I had so much skin, and that it held out so well. There was always plenty, and I soon came to understand that the supply was going to remain sufficient for all my needs. It turned out that I had nine skins, in layers, one on top of the other like the leaves of a book, and some of the doctors said it was quite remarkable.

I was full of enthusiasm over this insane amusement. My teacher was a young German from the bicycle factory, a gentle, kindly, patient creature, with a pathetically grave face. He never smiled; he never made a remark; he always gathered me tenderly up when I plunged off, and helped me on again without a word. When he had been teaching me twice a day for three weeks I introduced a new gymnastic—one that he had never seen before—and so at last a compliment was wrung from him, a thing which I had been risking my life for days to achieve. He gathered me up and said mournfully: "Mr. Clemens, you can fall off a bicycle in more different ways than any person I ever saw before."

A boy's life is not all comedy; much of the tragic enters into it. The drunken tramp — mentioned in "Tom Sawyer" or "Huck Finn"—who was burned up in the village jail, (1849.) lay upon my conscience a hundred nights afterward and filled them with hideous dreams—dreams in which I saw his appealing face as I had seen it in the pathetic reality, pressed against the window-bars, with the red hell glowing behind him

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—a face which seemed to say to me, "If you had not give me the matches, this would not have happened; you are responsible for my death." I was *not* responsible for it, for I had meant him no harm, but only good, when I let him have the matches; but no matter, mine was a trained Presbyterian conscience, and knew but the one duty—to hunt and harry its slave upon all pretexts and on all occasions; particularly when there was no sense or reason in it. The tramp—who was to blame—suffered ten minutes; I, who was not to blame, suffered three months.

The shooting down of poor old Smarr in the main street* at noonday supplied me with some more dreams; and in them I always saw again the grotesque closing picture—the great family Bible spread open on the profane old man's breast by some thoughtful idiot, and rising and sinking to the labored breathings, and adding the torture of its leaden weight to the dying struggles. We are curiously made. In all the throng of gaping and sympathetic onlookers there was not one with common sense enough to perceive that an anvil would have been in better taste there than the Bible, less open to sarcastic criticism, and swifter in its atrocious work. In my nightmares I gasped and struggled for breath under the crush of that vast book for many a night.

All within the space of a couple of years we had two or three other tragedies, and I had the ill-luck to be too near by on each occasion. There was the slave man who was struck down with a chunk of slag for some small offence; I saw him die. And the young California emigrant who was stabbed with a bowie knife by a drunken comrade: I saw the red life gush from his breast. And the case of the rowdy young Hyde brothers and their harmless old uncle: one of them held the old man down with his knees on his breast while the other one tried repeatedly to kill him with an Allen revolver which wouldn't go off. I happened along just then, of course.

Then there was the case of the young California emigrant who got drunk and proposed to raid the "Welshman's house" all alone one dark and threatening night.† This house stood halfway up Holliday's Hill ("Cardiff" Hill), and its sole occupants were a poor but quite respectable widow and her young and blameless daughter. The invading ruffian woke the whole village with

* See "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." † Used in "Huck Finn," I think.

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his ribald yells and coarse challenges and obscenities. I went up there with a comrade—John Briggs, I think—to look and listen. The figure of the man was dimly visible; the women were on their porch, but not visible in the deep shadow of its roof, but we heard the elder woman's voice. She had loaded an old musket with slugs, and she warned the man that if he stayed where he was while she counted ten it would cost him his life. She began to count, slowly: he began to laugh. He stopped laughing at "six"; then through the deep stillness, in a steady voice, followed the rest of the tale: "seven . . . eight . . . nine"—a long pause, we holding our breath—"ten!" A red spout of flame gushed out into the night, and the man dropped, with his breast riddled to rags. Then the rain and the thunder burst loose and the waiting town swarmed up the hill in the glare of the lightning like an invasion of ants. Those people saw the rest; I had had my share and was satisfied. I went home to dream, and was not disappointed.

My teaching and training enabled me to see deeper into these tragedies than an ignorant person could have done. I knew what they were for. I tried to disguise it from myself, but down in the secret deeps of my heart I knew—and I *knew* that I knew. They were inventions of Providence to beguile me to a better life. It sounds curiously innocent and conceited, now, but to me there was nothing strange about it; it was quite in accordance with the thoughtful and judicious ways of Providence as I understood them. It would not have surprised me, nor even over-flattered me, if Providence had killed off that whole community in trying to save an asset like me. Educated as I had been, it would have seemed just the thing, and well worth the expense. *Why* Providence should take such an anxious interest in such a property—that idea never entered my head, and there was no one in that simple hamlet who would have dreamed of putting it there. For one thing, no one was equipped with it.

It is quite true I took all the tragedies to myself; and tallied them off, in turn as they happened, saying to myself in each case, with a sigh, "Another one gone—and on my account; this ought to bring me to repentance; His patience will not always endure." And yet privately I believed it would. That is, I believed it in the daytime; but not in the night. With the going down of the sun my faith failed, and the clammy fears gathered

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about my heart. It was then that I repented. Those were awful nights, nights of despair, nights charged with the bitterness of death. After each tragedy I recognized the warning and repented; repented and begged; begged like a coward, begged like a dog; and not in the interest of those poor people who had been extinguished for my sake, but only in my own interest. It seems selfish, when I look back on it now.

My repentances were very real, very earnest; and after each tragedy they happened every night for a long time. But as a rule they could not stand the daylight. They faded out and shredded away and disappeared in the glad splendor of the sun. They were the creatures of fear and darkness, and they could not live out of their own place. The day gave me cheer and peace, and at night I repented again. In all my boyhood life I am not sure that I ever tried to lead a better life in the daytime—or wanted to. In my age I should never think of wishing to do such a thing. But in my age, as in my youth, night brings me many a deep remorse. I realize that from the cradle up I have been like the rest of the race—never quite sane in the night. When "Injun Joe" died.*. . . But never mind: in another chapter I have already described what a raging hell of repentance I passed through then. I believe that for months I was as pure as the driven snow. After dark.

It was back in those far-distant days—1848 or '9—that Jim Wolf came to us. He was from Shelbyville, a hamlet thirty or forty miles back in the country, and he brought all his native sweetnesses and gentlenesses and simplicities with him. He was approaching seventeen, a grave and slender lad, trustful, honest, a creature to love and cling to. And he was incredibly bashful.

It is to this kind that untoward things happen. My sister gave a "candy-pull" on a winter's night. I was too young to be of the company, and Jim was too diffident. I was sent up to bed early, and Jim followed of his own motion. His room was in the new part of the house, and his window looked out on the roof of the L annex. That roof was six inches deep in snow, and the snow had an ice-crust upon it which was as slick as glass. Out of the comb of the roof projected a short chimney, a common resort for sentimental cats on moonlight nights—and this was a moonlight night. Down at the eaves, below the chimney, a canopy

* Used in "Tom Sawyer."

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of dead vines spread away to some posts, making a cozy shelter, and after an hour or two the rollicking crowd of young ladies and gentlemen grouped themselves in its shade, with their saucers of liquid and piping-hot candy disposed about them on the frozen ground to cool. There was joyous chaffing and joking and laughter—peal upon peal of it.

About this time a couple of old disreputable tom-cats got up on the chimney and started a heated argument about something; also about this time I gave up trying to get to sleep, and went visiting to Jim's room. He was awake and fuming about the cats and their intolerable yowling. I asked him, mockingly, why he didn't climb out and drive them away. He was nettled, and said over-boldly that for two cents he *would*.

It was a rash remark, and was probably repented of before it was fairly out of his mouth. But it was too late—he was committed. I knew him; and I knew he would rather break his neck than back down, if I egged him on judiciously.

"Oh, of course you would! Who's doubting it?"

It galled him, and he burst out, with sharp irritation—

"Maybe *you* doubt it!"

"I? Oh no, I shouldn't think of such a thing. You are always doing wonderful things. With your mouth."

He was in a passion, now. He snatched on his yarn socks and began to raise the window, saying in a voice unsteady with anger—

"*You* think I dasn't—*you* do! Think what you blame please—*I* don't care what you think. I'll show you!"

The window made him rage; it wouldn't stay up. I said—

"Never mind, I'll hold it."

Indeed, I would have done anything to help. I was only a boy, and was already in a radiant heaven of anticipation. He climbed carefully out, clung to the window-sill until his feet were safely placed, then began to pick his perilous way on all fours along the glassy comb, a foot and a hand on each side of it. I believe I enjoy it now as much as I did then: yet it is a good deal over fifty years ago. The frosty breeze flapped his short shirt about his lean legs; the crystal roof shone like polished marble in the intense glory of the moon; the unconscious cats sat erect upon the chimney, alertly watching each other, lashing their tails and pouring out their hollow grievances; and

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slowly and cautiously Jim crept on, flapping as he went, the gay and frolicsome young creatures under the vine-canopy unaware, and outraging these solemnities with their misplaced laughter. Every time Jim slipped I had a hope; but always on he crept and disappointed it. At last he was within reaching distance. He paused, raised himself carefully up, measured his distance deliberately, then made a frantic grab at the nearest cat—and missed. Of course he lost his balance. His heels flew up, he struck on his back, and like a rocket he darted down the roof feet first, crashed through the dead vines and landed in a sitting posture in fourteen saucers of red-hot candy, in the midst of all that party—and dressed as *he* was: this lad who could not look a girl in the face with his clothes on. There was a wild scramble and a storm of shrieks, and Jim fled up the stairs, dripping broken crockery all the way.

The incident was ended. But I was not done with it yet, though I supposed I was. Eighteen or twenty years later I arrived in New York from California, and by that time I had failed in all my other undertakings and had stumbled into literature without intending it. This was early in 1867. I was offered a large sum to write something for the "Sunday Mercury," and I answered with the tale of "Jim Wolf and the Cats." I also collected the money for it—twenty-five dollars. It seemed over-pay, but I did not say anything about that, for I was not so scrupulous then as I am now.

(1867.)

A year or two later "Jim Wolf and the Cats" appeared in a Tennessee paper in a new dress—as to spelling; spelling borrowed from Artemus Ward. The appropriator of the tale had a wide reputation in the West, and was exceedingly popular. Deservedly so, I think. He wrote some of the breeziest and funniest things I have ever read, and did his work with distinguished ease and fluency. His name has passed out of my memory.

A couple of years went by; then the original story—my own version — cropped up again and went floating around in the original spelling, and with my name to it. Soon first one paper and then another fell upon me vigorously for "stealing" Jim Wolf and the Cats from the Tennessee man. I got a merciless basting, but I did not mind it. It's all in the game. Besides, I had learned, a good while before that, that it is not wise to keep the fire going under a slander unless you can get some large

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advantage out of keeping it alive. Few slanders can stand the wear of silence.

But I was not done with Jim and the Cats yet. In 1873 I was lecturing in London, in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Han-
(1873.) over Square, and was living at the Langham Hotel, Portland Place. I had no domestic household, and no official household except George Dolby, lecture-agent, and Charles Warren Stoddard, the California poet, now (1900) Professor of
(1900.) English Literature in the Roman Catholic University, Washington. Ostensibly Stoddard was my private secretary; in reality he was merely my comrade—I hired him in order to have his company. As secretary there was nothing for him to do except to scrap-book the daily reports of the great trial of the Tichborne Claimant for perjury. But he made a sufficient job out of that, for the reports filled six columns a day and he usually postponed the scrap-booking until Sunday; then he had 36 columns to cut out and paste in—a proper labor for Hercules. He did his work well, but if he had been older and feebler it would have killed him once a week. Without doubt he does his literary lectures well, but also without doubt he prepares them fifteen minutes before he is due on his platform and thus gets into them a freshness and sparkle which they might lack if they underwent the staling process of overstudy.

He was good company when he was awake. He was refined, sensitive, charming, gentle, generous, honest himself and unsuspicious of other people's honesty, and I think he was the purest male I have known, in mind and speech. George Dolby was something of a contrast to him, but the two were very friendly and sociable together, nevertheless. Dolby was large and ruddy, full of life and strength and spirits, a tireless and energetic talker, and always overflowing with good-nature and bursting with jollity. It was a choice and satisfactory menagerie, this pensive poet and this gladsome gorilla. An indelicate story was a sharp distress to Stoddard; Dolby told him twenty-five a day. Dolby always came home with us after the lecture, and entertained Stoddard till midnight. Me too. After he left, I walked the floor and talked, and Stoddard went to sleep on the sofa. I hired him for company.

Dolby had been agent for concerts, and theatres, and Charles Dickens and all sorts of shows and "attractions" for many years;

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he had known the human being in many aspects, and he didn't much believe in him. But the poet did. The waifs and estrays found a friend in Stoddard: Dolby tried to persuade him that he was dispensing his charities unworthily, but he was never able to succeed.

One night a young American got access to Stoddard at the Concert Rooms and told him a moving tale. He said he was living on the Surrey side, and for some strange reason his remittances had failed to arrive from home; he had no money, he was out of employment, and friendless; his girl-wife and his new baby were actually suffering for food; for the love of heaven could he lend him a sovereign until his remittances should resume? Stoddard was deeply touched, and gave him a sovereign on my account. Dolby scoffed, but Stoddard stood his ground. Each told me his story later in the evening, and I backed Stoddard's judgment. Dolby said we were women in disguise, and not a sane kind of women, either.

The next week the young man came again. His wife was ill with the pleurisy, the baby had the bots, or something, I am not sure of the name of the disease; the doctor and the drugs had eaten up the money, the poor little family was starving. If Stoddard "in the kindness of his heart could only spare him another sovereign," etc., etc. Stoddard was much moved, and spared him a sovereign for me. Dolby was outraged. He spoke up and said to the customer—

"Now, young man, you are going to the hotel with us and state your case to the other member of the family. If you don't make him believe in you I sha'n't honor this poet's drafts in your interest any longer, for I don't believe in you myself."

The young man was quite willing. I found no fault in him. On the contrary, I believed in him at once, and was solicitous to heal the wounds inflicted by Dolby's too frank incredulity; therefore I did everything I could think of to cheer him up and entertain him and make him feel at home and comfortable. I spun many yarns; among others the tale of Jim Wolf and the Cats. Learning that he had done something in a small way in literature, I offered to try to find a market for him in that line. His face lighted joyfully at that, and he said that if I could only sell a small manuscript to Tom Hood's Annual for him it would be the happiest event of his sad life and he would hold me

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in grateful remembrance always. That was a most pleasant night for three of us, but Dolby was disgusted and sarcastic.

Next week the baby died. Meantime I had spoken to Tom Hood and gained his sympathy. The young man had sent his manuscript to him, and the very day the child died the money for the MS. came—three guineas. The young man came with a poor little strip of crape around his arm and thanked me, and said that nothing could have been more timely than that money, and that his poor little wife was grateful beyond words for the service I had rendered. He wept, and in fact Stoddard and I wept with him, which was but natural. Also Dolby wept. At least he wiped his eyes and wrung out his handkerchief, and sobbed stertorously and made other exaggerated shows of grief. Stoddard and I were ashamed of Dolby, and tried to make the young man understand that he meant no harm, it was only his way. The young man said sadly that he was not minding it, his grief was too deep for other hurts; that he was only thinking of the funeral, and the heavy expenses which—

We cut that short and told him not to trouble about it, leave it all to us; send the bills to Mr. Dolby and—

"Yes," said Dolby, with a mock tremor in his voice, "send them to me, and I will pay them. What, are you going? You must not go alone in your worn and broken condition; Mr. Stoddard and I will go with you. Come, Stoddard. We will comfort the bereaved mamma and get a lock of the baby's hair."

It was shocking. We were ashamed of him again, and said so. But he was not disturbed. He said—

"Oh, I know this kind, the woods are full of them. I'll make this offer: if he will show me his family I will give him twenty pounds. Come!" The young man said he would not remain to be insulted; and he said good-night and took his hat. But Dolby said he would go with him, and stay by him until he found the family. Stoddard went along to soothe the young man and modify Dolby. They drove across the river and all over Southwark, but did not find the family. At last the young man confessed there wasn't any.

The thing he sold to Tom Hood's Annual was "Jim and the Cats." And he did not put my name to it.

So that small tale was sold three times. I am selling it again, now. It is one of the best properties I have come across.

(To be Continued.) MARK TWAIN.

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IRELAND.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his new-born enthusiasm for Home Rule, went so far as to compare the Act of Union to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He had once spoken of the Act of Union and the Treaty of Commerce with France as the two great achievements of Pitt. But with his marvellous powers of explanation he would have found no difficulty in showing, not only that the two views were consistent, but that one of them logically led up to the other; just as he found no difficulty in reconciling his denunciation of Parnell as wading through rapine to dismemberment with his subsequent ratification of Parnell's policy and his alliance with its author. Mr. Gladstone was great and good, supremely so when he was pleading the cause of oppressed nationalities, as in the case of Italy and that of the subjects of Turkey. But if there are any who think that he was not liable to sudden impulses, that he was never carried away by the struggle for power, or that he was wholly incapable of self-delusion, they cannot have known the man.

When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his measure for Home Rule, he had been in Ireland only three weeks, and not at a good point of view. His speeches, though they were sure to be powerful, show no knowledge of the Irish people, no conception of the forces, political and social, which after separation would be likely to prevail, no forecast of the future. The orator is dealing with an abstraction. He does not even show acquaintance with the facts of Irish history, which is not less necessary to the legislator than it is to the historian. For the key to Irish character, in large measure, is Irish history. That there is such a thing as race character cannot be denied. Teuton and Celt undeniably have shown it. But of most that is called Celtic in Irish character seven centuries of unparalleled misfortune are the real cause,

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The Norman conquest of England was complete, and gave birth to a feudal polity with an hereditary monarch at its head, the feudal code of law, and an aristocracy which, though at first alien and oppressive, became national and gave the nation the Great Charter. The Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland, as a private enterprise, though under royal and papal auspices, was incomplete, and produced, not a national polity, but a military colony or Pale. Far the greater part of the island continued to be held by the Irish tribes, with their native language and customs, their tribal form of government, and their tribal ownership of land. Between the tribes and the colony there went on from generation to generation incessant and most barbarous war. The nature of the country, with its forests, broad rivers, and bogs, was adverse to the Anglo-Norman men-at-arms. At the same time, it prevented a union of the tribes and a combination of their forces against the invaders.

The colony had the semblance of a feudal polity, with a baronial council as well as the feudal law and the feudal tenure of land. But the King, the key-stone of the feudal arch, was wanting. Cabal, disorders, and corruption reigned. The military power of the English monarchy was wasted on French fields. Richard II came over with an army which, under his incapable command, was frittered away. The passage of the Channel was serious in those days; and Wales, the point of transit, was wild. The colony was discredited and starved. A Scotch invasion under Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce, though repelled after a severe struggle by the Anglo-Normans of the Pale, had helped to wreck whatever rudiments of order there might be; and, by the middle of the fifteenth century, the Anglo-Norman domain in Ireland had been reduced to a narrow district round Dublin, defended by a ditch.

Meantime, tribal license had proved attractive. Laws had been found necessary to prevent Englishmen from degenerating into wild Irishry. By a process not clearly explained, Anglo-Norman chiefs of the Pale had become heads of septs, combining tribal with feudal sway and keeping in their pay bands of mercenaries called "gallowglass," something like the *bravi* of the great nobles in Italy. These chiefs, with their septs, are henceforth the native powers and the defenders of native Ireland against the conquest. The most powerful of them were the Geraldines and the Butlers.

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Rivalry often led the Butlers, with their war-cry of "Butler-a-boo," to side with the English Government.

In the quarrel of the Roses, Dublin took the Yorkist side. This, when the Red Rose had triumphed under the first Tudor King, led to the passing of the Poynings Act, so called from the Deputy of the day, by which an end was put to the independence of the Dublin Parliament. It was enacted that all existing English laws should be in force in Ireland, and that no Parliament should be held in Ireland without the sanction of the King and Council, who should also be enabled to disallow statutes passed by the Irish houses. The Parliament of Ireland had been made by Edward I bicameral, like the Parliament of England.

Henry VII, and for a time his son, tried to govern Ireland, a costly and restive possession, through native chiefs captivated by titles of nobility and court favor. The policy failed. The Geraldine, under pretence of fighting for the monarchy, fought for his own ends. Recourse was had again to the sword, which thenceforth a succession of Deputies continued to wield in most barbarous and exterminating war. Prisoners of war were butchered without mercy, the country was laid waste, the cattle were destroyed, and famine stalked in the train of slaughter. But these "hostings," while they engendered desperate hatred, did little towards effecting a general and permanent conquest.

Now came the Reformation, and to enmity of race it added the enmity of religion. It extended not beyond the English colony, at the border of which it was arrested by difference of language as well as of race. The Churches had always been divided on that line, though their creeds and their allegiance to Rome had been the same. Catholic Ireland was now drawn into the league of the Catholic Powers of Europe and suffered as a weak and outlying member of the league was sure to do. The intrigue of the Jesuit was encountered by the Puritan sword, and the work of slaughter and devastation went on in a more deadly form than ever. The government of Elizabeth, or rather that of Burleigh, made a noble but vain effort to set on foot a policy of civilization, the monument of which is Trinity College. Under a succession of leaders, the Irish Catholics, as they may now be distinctly called, rose and maintained the struggle against a series of Deputies whom the English Government, straitened in its resources by the struggle on the Continent and danger at home,

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could not supply with the means of decisive war. The last leaders of Irish independence, the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, surrendered or were scared into exile, and after a struggle of five centuries the conquest of Ireland was achieved. English law and administration were extended over the whole island; and, what was of paramount importance, the feudal rule superseded the tribal custom in regard to the ownership of land.

The Government, perhaps inspired by Bacon, was not, in intention at least, unkind. It sought to placate and civilize. It called a Parliament of all Ireland, which, though no doubt practically nominated by the Crown, was otherwise more like a national Parliament than any other that Ireland ever had. But it treated the vast estates on the feudal principle as personal property forfeited for treason, disregarding the rights of the tribesmen. A host of English and Scotch settlers poured in, possessed themselves of the lands by purchase or chicane, and formed in Ulster a sort of Protestant Pale.

When, under Charles I, trouble began in England, the dispossessed tribesmen of Ulster rose, massacred with circumstances of the most devilish cruelty thousands of the new proprietors and drove out the rest. The English Parliament, fired with fury, passed a sweeping Act of Confiscation and sold debentures on it to provide a force for the repression and punishment of the rebellion. But, England being engaged in civil war, Ireland was left to itself for eight years, during which the two parties, now distinguishable as Protestant and Catholic, waged internecine war and made the land a hell; the representative of Rome taking an active part, together with the native priesthood and giving the conflict a distinctly religious character.

At last came Cromwell. The storm of Drogheda has left a stain, as he seems to have felt, upon his name. But he restored peace and order, he governed powerfully and well. He united Ireland as well as Scotland to England, and had her represented in the Parliament of the Commonwealth, giving her thereby the inestimable benefit of free trade with England and exempting her shipping from the shackles of the Navigation Act. He used her as a field for reforms, from which prejudice debarred him in England. The Royalist Clarendon speaks rapturously of the progress which material improvement made under Cromwell's rule. The dispossession of Catholic landowners and their

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transportation to Connaught were in pursuance of the Act of Confiscation under which the holders of debentures claimed. It had been proved with terrible force that the two sets of landowners could not live together.

At the Restoration the dispossessed put in their claim for restitution. But the new possessors, after a long controversy, held their ground, and Ulster remained a Protestant Pale. The union with England was broken, the immediate consequence being the loss of free trade with England and the commencement by the English Parliament of a course of Protectionist legislation which killed in succession the principal industries of Ireland.

Again, under James II, the Irish Catholics rose and were again at length put down. Protestantism, victorious and vengeful after a narrow escape from destruction, embodied its rage and fear in the Penal Code, which reduced to helotage, religious, political, and social, the Catholics; that is, five-sixths of the population. Nothing could be more detestable, unless it was the persecution of the unoffending Huguenots by the Catholic Government of France.

The state of the Irish peasantry in the period which followed and down to the date of the Union was miserable and degraded in the extreme. The Catholic landowners having been driven away by the Penal Code, the Catholic peasant was left without protection against the tyranny of the Protestant squires and squireens. He was ground down by the exactions of the middleman and the tithe proctor. His dwelling, his food and raiment were bestial. Such wretchedness has been seldom seen. The oppressed banded themselves together as Whiteboys for agrarian murder and outrage, and made night hideous with the moanings of houghed cattle.

When Scotland was united to England, the Irish Parliament yearned for a similar union. It, no doubt, English and Protestant as it was, felt the pressure of the English tariff. Its advances were repelled, English Protectionism, we may be sure, playing its part. Patriots then turned their thoughts to national independence and Parliamentary reform. A large proportion of the seats in Parliament were held by the owners or lessees of rotten boroughs, and government was organized corruption. National independence and Parliamentary reform had an eloquent champion in Grattan.

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Nationalism found its opportunity when the hands of England were full with the war against the American colonies. It rose in arms and extorted legislative independence. The Poynings' Act and the Act of George III, confirming it, were repealed. There was then a trial of the polity which Home Rule would now restore, that of two Parliaments under one Crown. But the Irish Parliament, whatever might be Grattan's rapture, was very far from being national. It was a Parliament of Protestant Ascendancy from which four-fifths, at least, of the Irish nation were shut out. The Catholics were presently admitted to the electoral franchise, but not to seats in Parliament. An agitation for their admission to seats in Parliament was on foot when there came a general overturn. It is not likely that the Ascendancy would have consented to a concession which to it would have been suicide. England could not rob Ireland of her national Parliament, inasmuch as a Parliament really national Ireland never had.

For the peasant, trampled on, starved, degraded, miserable as ever, nothing was done by the "national" legislators. His case got no hearing when it came before them. His wretchedness was greater and his hatred of his oppressor was more intense than ever.

How did the union of the Parliaments under one Crown work? There was a serious quarrel about the tariff, ending in the rejection of Pitt's beneficial measure of free trade. There was a still more serious quarrel about the Regency. The quarrel about the Regency must apparently have led to disruption if George III had not recovered just in time. Grattan was true to the union, yet he could not help being drawn into the quarrel about the Regency.

Then came the French Revolution. The freethinkers of Belfast caught the flame and organized a nationalist and republican rebellion. Counting all rebellion their ally, they drew in a large body of the Catholic peasantry, who were agrarian, not political, rebels, with some of the priests as their leaders. There followed over a part of the island a civil war of devils, at the end of which people were afraid to eat pork lest it should have been fed on human flesh. Meantime, only the winds and waves saved Ireland from being conquered by Hoche.

The "national" Parliament of Ireland urged the most ruth-

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less repression. About its last Act was one of indemnity for the illegal infliction of torture on suspected rebels. Grattan seceded early in the day.

Pitt was resolved on union. It had to be carried through an Irish Parliament of Ascendancy, full of members for nomination boroughs, and teeming with corrupt interests. This was done by means not pure, yet not more impure than the influences by which the measure was opposed. Cromwell had carried his Union by fiat, Pitt had not that power. There was, however, no money bribery, none at least of any serious amount. The large sums paid to members of the Irish Parliament were not bribes but indemnities voted to the owners of nomination boroughs, which were regarded and treated as personal property in those days. The same was done in a Reform Bill for England. The largest sum of all was paid to an opponent of the Union. There was a traffic in peerages and appointments which disgusted a man of honor like Cornwallis, but the consent of a powerful and selfish aristocracy to a vital measure had to be obtained. How far the Catholics were misled by Pitt's favorable attitude on the question of Catholic emancipation it is impossible to say; what is certain is that Pitt was sincere. When George III refused his assent, Pitt resigned. What more could he do? He could not depose the King.

In Dublin, the heart of nationalism and radicalism, the Union, Cornwallis tells us, was proclaimed without calling forth adverse demonstrations of any kind. In the general election to the United Parliament which followed, the "Annual Register" tells us, the Union was not an issue, and to have voted for it did no candidate any harm. The three great opponents of the Union in the Irish Parliament were Grattan, Plunkett and Foster. All three sat in the United Parliament; Plunkett formally recanted his opposition, Foster accepted office and a peerage under Pitt, and Grattan repudiated O'Connell.

In less than a generation Catholic emancipation was carried, a great English party combining with the Irish movement. Of Ascendancy nothing then remained but the State Church, which has since been abolished. Now, it seems, Irish industry is beginning to feel the financial pressure of its own priesthood.

Agitators never renounce agitation. From Catholic Emancipation O'Connell went on to Repeal of the Union. He dropped

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it while there was a weak Whig Government, whose influence and patronage he could command. He took it up again when the strong Conservative Government of Peel came in; and, though he had the priesthood at his back, was totally overthrown. In 1848, the year of revolution, Smith O'Brien, with a brilliant staff of young enthusiasts, raised the Repeal banner, found the people utterly apathetic, and encountered a still more ignominious defeat. What the Irish peasant wanted was not political change, but material improvement of his condition, security in his holding and more bread. When Parnell combined the agrarian with the political movement the political movement gained a factitious life. Fenianism, mainly an American product, also helped to impart a political tinge.

If the peasant wanted anything in the political way, perhaps it was the presence of the King. No King of England paid a friendly visit to Ireland before George IV, who met with an enthusiastic reception, in which O'Connell took a leading part.

Ireland has more than her fair share of representation in the United Parliament, and everything in the United Kingdom and in the Empire is perfectly open to her sons.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM.—II.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

I SHOWED in the preceding article that the more thoughtful socialists of to-day have definitely abandoned, as thinkers, though not as members of the party of agitation, the doctrine of Karl Marx that labor produces all things; and have openly recognized the fact that the industrial ability of the few, directing the hands of the many, is essential to the augmentation and sustentation of the wealth of the modern world. And I ended by saying that, thus much having been admitted, the next question to consider was the means by which directive ability is able to enforce on the laborers its minute and coordinated injunctions.

This elaborate process, we shall find, is accomplished by means of capital, but is accomplished in a way which lies entirely outside both the nature of capital and its functions, as the philosophy of Marx conceives of them. Capital is traditionally divided into two kinds—fixed and circulating. Fixed capital now stands mainly for the elaborate machinery of to-day; and, according to Marx, capitalism means merely the monopoly of this—namely, the current implements of production — by persons who are non-producers. Circulating capital means a store of the consumable commodities produced, which the merchant or dealer buys and retails to the consumers at a profit, replacing the portion sold yesterday by a fresh supply to-day. But in neither of these forms does capital throw the least light on the question now before us, or on the primary secret of its efficiency as a factor in modern production. The kind of capital in which this secret lies is to be found in what we may call "wage-capital"; and this, like circulating capital, consists of a stock of consumable commodities, which are in the present case the daily necessaries of

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existence, held by one person and then passed on to others. But, instead of being sold to the public customer at a profit, they are dispensed by the holder to any number of laborers *on conditions.* Thus Karl Marx would be right if he said that such capital was a monopoly; but it is not a monopoly in the sense that the holder of these necessaries consumed them, but only in the sense that his holding of them enabled him to control their distribution, and apportion them to the laborers in question on certain specified terms—the terms not being that the laborers shall exert their manual powers (for they would have to labor somehow, whether the capitalist employed them or no)—that they shall perform their tasks in accordance with the direction which the capitalist issues to them. It is only by means of directions of this kind that fixed capital, such as the machinery of modern times, has developed from the rude implements to the fabrication of which the undirected labor of the individual laborer was equal, into the huge engines and multiplied mechanisms of to-day, which embody the abstruse knowledge, the imagination, the energy and the enterprise of the strongest wills, and the keenest and most practical intellects that have ever been concentrated on production since civilization first began.

Some glimpse of this truth may be detected in the earlier economists, who had so far recognized the connection between capital and personal talent as to propose to call the latter by the name of "personal capital," thus making it a kind of capital itself. But, though this is an improvement on the ordinary treatment of the subject, it merely shows how imperfect, at the best, the ideas prevailing amongst the earlier economists were. For to speak of directive ability as "personal capital" is to obscure its nature in the very act of recognizing its importance. It is to identify the coachman with the reins: the fact being that the latter are useful or useless only in accordance with the manner in which the coachman handles them.

Now, here again, though popular socialism denies the fact, the more thoughtful socialists of to-day are coming to admit, with greater or less clearness, that the facts of the situation are practically what I have just shown them to be. This recognition, indeed, is implied, if not actually formulated, in what they tell us whenever we ask them for any sketch of their constructive policy. For they do not propose that society, under the régime

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of socialism, shall relapse into a condition in which each man works in isolation, or in family groups consisting of perhaps half a dozen persons. On the contrary, they maintain that labor will remain as rigidly organized as ever; but the necessary control or direction will be exercised, they say, by the state, and not by any private individuals. An illustration of what they mean, which since the days of Marx has been a favorite with them, is an institution like the state post-office. There, they say, we have organization of the highest kind, but we have no private capitalist. And this is no doubt true; but the question now before us is, What are the means by which the organizing authorities secure the obedience of those organized? The answer is obvious. The obedience of the organized is secured by means of wages—or a dealing out to the organized of the daily necessaries of existence, which is made contingent on the requisite obedience being duly rendered. In short, the state organization of labor, as it exists to-day, in which we see an exemplar of the conditions which the socialists dream of as universal, secures the obedience of the laborer by precisely the same means as those which obtain in the factory of the ordinary private employer. It secures this obedience by wage-capital—that is to say, by wages, or the necessary means of existence, which are given to or withheld from the laborer, in accordance as obedience to orders is, or is not, rendered by him.

It so happens, however, that what socialists call "wagedom" has, from the beginning, been described by them as one of the chief burdens, one of the most degrading forms of oppression, from which socialism has promised to emancipate the vast majority of mankind; and many socialists have recently, in proportion as they have become more clear-sighted, learned to recognize that state employment, in the form in which it exists to-day, would, in respect of wages, and from the laborer's point of view, secure no emancipation whatsoever, but would simply leave things as they are. The more logical and advanced amongst them have therefore, of late years, been busy in devising some scheme by which the wage system may be abolished not only in name but in reality, and which will, whilst the direction of labor shall still remain efficacious, achieve this end by means of some new and emancipating alternative.

And that some alternative to the wage system is not outside

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the range of possibility is shown abundantly by the past history of mankind. Two systems, other than that of wages, by which labor may be organized and directed, were in actual operation at two different periods. One of these was the corvée system, which prevailed during the Middle Ages. Under the corvée system the peasant was the owner of the land he lived on, and supported himself as best he could by his own self-directed industry; but he was bound to place his labor, for so many hours a week, at the service of his feudal superior and do what that superior told him; and if any modern employer had similar feudal rights over a sufficient number of such peasant proprietors to-day, then, in theory, at least, the necessity for wage-capital would have disappeared. There is another system also by which the same result may be gained. It resembles the corvée system, but is harder and much more simple; and it continued in operation for an incomparably longer time. This is the system of slavery.

The proposal, therefore, of the socialists to find some real alternative to the wage system is not in itself chimerical; and we will now consider what the alternative is which the most thoughtful and intellectual of them have actually themselves formulated. The clearest statement with regard to this matter is to be found in a volume of essays, produced by a group of socialists in England, the leading spirit amongst whom is Mr. Sidney Webb. The volume in question has been republished in America; and to the American edition was appended a special preface, the object of which was to bring socialism up to date, and in this preface there is a discussion of the very problem now before us. The direction of labor, it is there admitted, under socialism just as under the present system, must be committed to the most able men—the men who, in virtue of their exceptional faculties, are, as it is there expressed, "the monopolists of business ability." But, though these men must always be the arch-producers, the object of socialism is, the writer continues, to prevent them from being the monopolists of their own exceptional products. No scheme, says the writer, is in a true sense socialistic which will not "absolutely abolish all economic distinctions," and do away with the "possibility of their ever arising again." And how is this end to be accomplished? The writer answers as follows: The only "truly socialistic scheme is one which will abolish these distinctions by making an equal pro-

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vision for all an incident and an indefeasible condition of all citizenship, without any regard whatever to the relative specific services of different citizens. The rendering of such services, on the other hand, instead of being left to the option of the citizen, with the alternative of starvation (as it is under the wage system), would be required under one uniform law of civic duty, precisely like other forms of taxation or military service."

Such, then, is the most advanced socialistic programme—the programme of the men who, facing the logic of the situation, have set themselves to devise a real, and not a merely nominal, escape from the system which they denounce as "wagedom." And an escape from wagedom such a system would no doubt be; but an escape from wagedom into what? Little as these people realize the fact, it would be an escape into economic slavery. For the very essence of the position of the slave, as contrasted with that of the wage-paid laborer, in so far as the direction of his productive actions is concerned, is that he has not to work as he is bidden in order to gain a livelihood, but that, his livelihood being in any case assured to him, he has to work as he is bidden in order to avoid the lash or some similar form of punishment.

I do not call attention to this scheme of practical politics, put forward by the most educated of the socialistic thinkers in England, because I wish to represent this scheme as embodying the views or programme of educated socialists generally all over the world, either in respect of the method of industrial direction under socialism, or the precise scale of remuneration at which socialists ought to aim. I have drawn attention to it merely because, coming from the source from which it does come, it constitutes a remarkable acknowledgment of what capital, in its primary form of wage-capital, is. It illustrates the fact that capital is primarily an *instrument of direction;* that modern machinery, and other such improved appliances, are the results of such direction on the part of the most able minds; that this direction would have to be accomplished somehow, under a régime of state socialism no less than it is to-day; and that the only alternative to the wage system which the socialistic intellect can devise is precisely that ancient system which the civilized world has outgrown, which the spirit of modern democracy professes to regard with horror, and which certainly would, in comparison to the wage system, be ruinously clumsy and inefficient.

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When the meaning of the proposals of Mr. Sidney Webb and his friends, though they are the only logical outcome of the socialistic promise to "emancipate the laborer from wagedom," are recognized for what they really are, the majority of socialists, whether educated or uneducated, would without doubt reject them; nor does it seem likely that they would press the impracticable claim that the remuneration of all labor should be reduced to an absolute level, irrespectively, as Mr. Webb would put it, of the value of "the specific services rendered by the individual citizen." Thus an American socialist, Mr. Yountz, of Cleveland — a man whose education and intelligence are evidently above the ordinary—wrote to me, in connection with one of my addresses at New York, declaring that socialists "objected to the wage system only in so far as it enables the director of labor to make a profit out of the workman"; but would leave the idlers without compunction to starve, "unless others chose to keep them alive, as they often do to-day." The only incident of wagedom, he says, to which socialists object is this: that, under it in its present form, "a man's wages do not indicate the sum total of the energy expended by him," a part being always kept back; and it is this part that socialism aims at obtaining for him. A similar view of the matter was expressed to me, in a still more emphatic way, by a young man who was evidently of high cultivation, and who told me that he was a socialist himself, and a preacher of socialism amongst the ordinary working-men. What rankled in his own mind, he said, so far as concerned himself—he being a clerk in some large house of business—was that he was always contributing by his work to the profits of those employing him an indefinitely larger amount than was represented by the salary paid him; and it was, he said, a feeling of precisely the same kind which was really the root of socialism as it exists among the laboring classes. And, no doubt, this account of the matter, even if not complete, expresses an important—perhaps the most important—part of the truth.

Here, then, we find ourselves confronted with a practical question on which a very large part of the socialistic reasoning of to-day, public and private, turns. If the employed classes of to-day, whatever may be the nature of their individual labors, feel that their wages do not represent the entire amount of wealth, measured in terms of money, which their labor has contributed

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to the receipts of the firms or the persons employing them—or, in other words, that the men whose ability directs their labor have added to the receipts with which this ability may be justly credited some portion which is really due to the labor which this ability directs, we are brought face to face with the problem of how to discriminate between what amount is due to the one factor and what amount is due to the other. This is a problem on which I have not yet touched; and it is one which has opened to the intellectual socialists a means by which they have attempted to recover something of the ground which they have lost by their admission that the ability of the able few is a factor in production even greater than the manual labor of the many.

For the fact still remains that, though labor, when directed by ability, may produce ten times as much as the labor of the same number of men would be able to produce when their labor was directed by themselves only, yet ability, with no labor to direct, would produce nothing at all.

Such being indubitably the case, it is open to the socialists to argue — and they have availed themselves abundantly of the privilege—that, labor being always essential to the production of any wealth whatsoever, it is impossible to place any limit, short of the total product, to what labor may justly claim. At all events, the claim of labor is represented as being justly one which is capable of being extended indeterminately beyond what labor at present gets. And this kind of argument is very far from being peculiar to the socialists. It has been formulated—though not with a view to the special matter now before us—by no less considerable a reasoner than John Stuart Mill himself; and it occupies a prominent place in the opening chapters of his treatise on the Principle of Political Economy.

If any agency, says Mill, such as labor, is so absolutely essential to the production of a given result, such as so much economic wealth, that without the labor this wealth would not be produced at all, some other agency, equally necessary, may play some part in the process; but the parts which they play, respectively, or the fractions of the total amount which can be ascribed respectively to each, "are indefinite and incommensurable." "When two conditions," says Mill, "are equally necessary for producing the effect at all, it is meaningless to say that so much is produced by the one and so much by the other. It is like

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attempting to decide which of the factors, five or six, contributes most to the production of thirty." Mill himself brings this argument forward with special reference to the Physiocrats, and the question which their doctrines suggested of whether nature did more to help labor in one industry than another; and Mill's immediate meaning was that, if we take the products of any farm, it is absurd to ask which produced most of them—the fields or the farm laborers.

Now, if there were only one farm in the world, and if every acre of this, when the same labor was applied to it, would always yield the same amount of produce—let us say one loaf—Mill's assertion would no doubt be true. The actual state of the case is, however, very different. Acres vary very greatly in quality; and, if we take four acres of different degrees of fertility, and suppose them all to be cultivated by the same amount of labor, and if we symbolize the result of the cultivation of the least fertile as one loaf, the product of the cultivation of the acres of superior fertility will be—let us say—two loaves, three loaves, and four loaves, respectively. Here the labor being in each of the four cases the same, and the additional loaves resulting in three of the cases only, it is obvious that the difference between the larger outputs and the least are not due to the labor, but to certain natural qualities which are present in the three superior acres, and are not present in the first. In other words, although in producing the loaves, or, as Mill would have called it, "*the* effect," the parts played respectively by land and labor are indefinitely incommensurable—precisely as Mill says they are—so long as land and "the effect" all remain the same, the parts played respectively by the two concomitant causes become immediately definite and measurable when the effect begins to vary, and one of the causes, and only one of them, begins to vary also.

The same observation is applicable to the production of wealth generally, and the quantities of it which are referable to manual labor, on the one hand, and the various kinds of ability by which labor is directed, on the other.

If, man for man, the industrial population of a country always produced annually the same total output or wealth, if relatively to its population the country never grew richer, and if labor and the directors of labor followed always the same routine, then, the two causes being unvarying and the effect unvarying also, it would

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be, as Mill contends, meaningless to say that either one of these necessary and unvarying causes contributed more or less to the unvarying effect than the other. But the principal fact of the modern world which, in this connection, the economist has to consider is not what Mill calls "*the* effect," or an output of wealth which remains year by year, relatively to the number of the persons who contribute to its production, the same. It is a series of different effects, or amounts, which, relatively to the producers, are continually varying, and have indeed been generally on the increase for a hundred and fifty years. Now, since, during this period, the mere labor or individual dexterity of any thousand men has become in no way different from what it was four or five generations ago, whereas ability, or the faculties by which labor is directed, has continually been elaborating its methods and increasing the intensity of its operations, it is obviously not labor, a constant, but ability, the only variable, that has caused or produced the difference between the larger sum and the less.

Thus, if only one man in the world was able to play the organ, and if only one man was able to blow the bellows, and if a performance on the organ was sufficiently pleasing to the public to produce a revenue of a thousand dollars a day, it would be impossible to say who contributed most to these earnings, the musician himself or the bellows-blower. But, if a second musician took the place of the first, and the earnings, in consequence of his far superior genius, immediately rose from one thousand dollars to two, we could at once say that the second thousand dollars, at all events, were earned by the musician, and were not earned by the bellows-blower. In the same way, if there were only one shipyard in the world, and if this always contained the same five hundred workmen, working under the unvarying directions given them by the same master, and if it always took these five hundred and one men twelve months to build a vessel of a certain class, we could not divide the vessel into two parts and say that the direction of the master produced one part and the labor of his men produced the rest. But, if a new master-builder for one year took the place of the old, and if the same workmen, together with this new master, produced during this year not one vessel but two; and, further, if, in the year following, the new master disappeared and the old master came back again, and a year's work once more resulted in the production of one vessel

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only, we should be able to say, as to the year during which the two vessels were constructed, that the second vessel, whatever might be the case with the first, was due wholly to the ability of the master by whom the labor of the workmen was directed.

There still remains, however, to be considered the contention already alluded to—namely, that labor, whatever happens, continues to be the prime essential; that if labor refused to exert itself ability could produce nothing, and that labor therefore may be credited with the whole of the product always, except perhaps the insignificant fraction which the director of labor could have produced had he worked as a laborer himself.

Now, this kind of reasoning has a certain superficial plausibility; but it is a plausibility which disappears as soon as we give our attention to a fact which lies at the bottom of all practical reasoning whatsoever. All practical reasoning with regard to effects and causes is in its nature hypothetical. It can be reduced to a statement that, if such and such conditions are present, such and such consequences will result; or that, if existing conditions are altered in some specified way, the result will exhibit a specified and corresponding difference. Thus we argue that a stone, if our hands cease to hold it, will drop, or that a kettle of cold water, if we put it on the fire, will boil, and will cease to boil if we take it off. But, if such reasoning is to have any practical value, one thing is always essential to it—namely, that the supposed conditions or alteration of conditions shall be at least approximately possible. No practical conclusions could be drawn, for example, as to our stone if we indulged in the supposition that the law of gravitation was suspended, and argued that the stone would in that case remain stationary if we ceased to hold it. Nor could any practical conclusion be drawn with regard to our kettle if we indulged in the supposition that fire might cease to give out heat. It is no less evident that no practical conclusions could be drawn as to the needs of labor by indulging in the supposition that the laborer could live and thrive without eating.

And now let us see what follows from this last obvious fact. Since no food is procurable without labor of some sort, a population the majority of which does not require to labor is just as impossible as a population that does not require to eat. No population as a whole can ever refuse to labor, excepting for an occasional day or two, unless it also ceases to exist. To argue,

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therefore, from what would happen if labor ceased to exert itself is as meaningless as to argue from what would happen if the law of gravitation were suspended. But, though it is meaningless to suppose a population which refuses to labor, populations may, and actually do, exist which have not developed any men of exceptional directive ability, or which have not submitted their labor to such men's systematic guidance; and thus we are reasoning in a strictly practical way when we calculate what labor would produce were there no ability to direct it; but we are reasoning to no practical purpose at all when we consider what ability would produce were there no labor for it to direct. The laborers, or the vast majority of them, would have to labor, in any case, were there any able men to direct their labor or no. The sole practical alternatives which in the present case can be conceived or reasoned from are average men laboring under the guidance of the talents of exceptional men, and average men laboring as best they can by themselves.

In calculating, therefore, the portions of the wealth produced to-day which are due, respectively, to ability and manual labor, ability must be held to produce, in the most practical sense of the word, as much of the product as exceeds what was produced by the laborers before the ability was in operation, or as much as would cease to be produced if its operations were withdrawn or paralyzed.

An illustration of this fact is afforded us by the case of the Jesuits in Paraguay, who succeeded in teaching the natives many mechanical arts—amongst others that of watch-making, thereby greatly increasing the value of the industrial output. Subsequently, owing to political causes, the Jesuits had to quit the country, and the native laborers sank back into barbarism. Their labor became as barren as it had been before; and the temporary enhancement of the efficiency of Paraguayan production showed, by its subsequent shrinkage, to what it was really due—not to the laborers themselves, but to the ability of the men who directed them.

And now let us turn to facts which are nearer to our own times, and apply to them the same method of calculation. Let us take production in England, as it was at the close of the eighteenth century, and compare it as it was about the year 1880, thus dealing with a period covered by the lifetime of one

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man. If the total income of the country at the earlier of these two dates had been equally divided amongst everybody, each wage-earning family would have received about 300 dollars annually. At the later date, the amount which was actually distributed amongst the wage-earners gave to each laboring family an average income of more than 400 dollars. Thus, in the year 1880, each laborer in England—if we still speak in terms of averages—was in the possession of considerably greater wealth than could possibly have come to him if, during the lifetime of his father or grandfather, the entire wealth of the rich—all their capital and their land included—had been taken from their possessors and made over to the manual laborers in perpetuity. Now, the enormous increase in wealth production, which has rendered this result possible, is obviously not due to any change in manual labor itself; for this, in point of mere muscular force and dexterity, has not been changed since the days of the Greeks and Romans. The only change that has occurred in the human agencies of production has been the increasing concentration, on the details of the industrial process, of science, of invention, of executive power, and of imagination—in other words, of the faculties which make up directive ability. And what is shown by the facts which have just now been alluded to is not merely the proportion of the national income which, in a progressive country like England, the ability of the few produces, as distinguished from the labor of the many. These facts show that, contrary to the supposition of the socialists, the wealth of the man of ability is so far from consisting, even partially, of amounts really due to labor, because labor produced them, that a large and increasing portion of what the laborer on an average receives is derived from the products of the ability of the able man; so that labor, as a whole, if we measure it by what it actually produces, has already been long receiving not less than it produces, but more.

I have mentioned the case of England at the two dates in question because the investigations of a variety of statisticians have resulted in estimates which are, at all events, approximately correct. But the case of England is nothing more than a type of the course of events in all similarly organized countries, and is notably the case in America. In America, indeed, we are able to make comparisons to which England can supply no counterpart; for in America there have been made a large number of

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experiments in industrial production on the principles of consistent socialism. Communities have been started from which private capitalism has been eliminated, and in which such ability as was attainable claimed no reward superior to that of ordinary labor. The majority of these communities, though made up of picked men, have not had a lifetime of more than two years. Some of them, however, have endured for a very much longer time, and thus give us a practical illustration of what labor can really do. One of these communities, after an existence of upwards of forty years, came to an end not very long ago, because the members became increasingly conscious of their own productive inefficiency, and such possessions and such capital as had been accumulated were divided amongst the members in so many equal shares. The share which came thus to each was only 1,300 dollars. A skilled mechanic, working under the directors of labor at Pittsburg, would be able to accumulate more, in the course of four or five years, than labor working by itself could accumulate in nearly half a century.

W. H. Mallock.

(To be Continued.)

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FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

BY GEORGE E. ROBERTS, DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

THE limitations of our National banking system and the objectionable features of the Government's fiscal system have been conspicuously displayed in recent weeks. With a panicky money-market here, conditions abroad have been such that no help could be had there, and our banks of issue have been powerless to give any relief. As the Government's revenues have been exceeding its expenditures to the extent of several million dollars a month, the Treasury was automatically locking up money at that rate until Secretary Cortelyou, in the exercise of a wise discretion, counteracted its operations by increasing deposits in banks. In other words, he intervened to avert the mischief which the regular Treasury operations, uncorrected, would have caused. The provisions of law under which the Secretary is obliged to act to do this are so vague and imperfect as to impose most undesirable responsibilities upon him and barely permit of successful administration.

The financial legislation passed by Congress at the late session is not likely to change materially the relations of the Treasury to the money-market or the practice of the National banks in the issue and retirement of their notes. The provision allowing the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit customs receipts in National banks wipes out a bookkeeping distinction between customs revenues and receipts from other sources. The distinction originated during the suspension of specie payments, when gold only was receivable for customs and was required to be held in the Treasury to meet payments upon the public debt. No reason for segregating these funds now exists. So long, however, as the Sub-Treasury system is maintained it is to be presumed that the Treasury will keep only its surplus in banks, and the surplus

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never equals the internal revenue receipts, which have always been available for deposit. To place all the Treasury collections in banks and make the current disbursements from the banks is perhaps allowable under the law, but the money-market would gain but little in available funds over the amount of the surplus, and the troublesome detail of security would be considerably more vexatious.

The provision which enlarges from $3,000,000 to $9,000,000 the amount of notes which a National bank may retire in one month is designed to promote elasticity in bank circulation. Under a system of note issues such as the countries of Europe generally have, a tight money-market will draw out new issues and a relaxation of demand will retire them, but our system is too clumsy and unresponsive for such automatic action. With us a bank desiring to increase its issues must deposit Government bonds at the Treasury and order notes printed, which will take four to six months of time. Heretofore, when it desired to retire circulation it had to file notice of its intention and await its turn until at the rate of $3,000,000 a month its application was reached. The amendment now made seeks to encourage the taking out of temporary circulation by facilitating its retirement. A bond-secured circulation is, however, hopelessly unresponsive to business needs, because it is influenced more by the price of bonds than by current interest rates. An issue of notes upon security of this kind does not ordinarily increase a bank's supply of cash. The bonds being worth a premium, it will lose more cash in providing the security than it gets as the result of the transaction. The only way a bank can increase its cash resources under the note-issuing privilege is by borrowing the bonds. Our law has only one end in view, and that is security. To accomplish this a National bank is required to make an investment entirely outside the field of commercial banking, and its note issues are so related to the market price of bonds that the true function of such issues, which is to effect an economy in the handling of the country's exchanges, is entirely lost sight of.

The provision of the Aldrich act which authorizes the reissue of United States notes in ones, twos and fives, and of gold certificates in tens, is an extension of the policy, inaugurated by the act of March 14th, 1900, of reducing the Government credit notes to small bills. Under the act of 1900 the amount of silver

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certificates in ones, twos and fives has increased from $181,386,093 on February 28th, 1900, to $446,746,069 on February 28th, 1907, and at the last date the total of outstanding silver certificates in denominations above ten dollars was only $25,226,931. These certificates have been thus scattered and engaged in the retail trade and can never again be a menace to the Treasury. The Aldrich act will dispose of the legal-tender notes in the same way. Eventually all the Government's credit notes may be reduced to the one-dollar size, and by restricting the legal-tender power of that denomination to payments of, say, $100, the Secretary of the Treasury may be authorized to issue and redeem them to satisfy all demands, as in the case of the subsidiary coins. Then the $150,000,000 reserve fund in gold and the entire reserve of silver coin can be dispensed with and become general assets of the Treasury. The aggregate value of these two funds, counting the silver at its bullion value, would be $400,000,000 to $500,000,000. Thus we may easily grow out of two great problems which have complicated our politics, to wit: how to dispose of the greenbacks, and what to do with the overvalued silver dollar.

The main problems connected with our monetary and fiscal systems are not disposed of by the Aldrich act. We still have no resource in a financial emergency except the importation of gold. We still have the cumbersome Sub-Treasury system (except as modified by the Secretary's authority to make deposits in banks) likened by Daniel Webster to the fiscal system of Darius, King of Persia. We still take our chances that the Secretary of the Treasury, whoever in the future he may be, will voluntarily correct the mischievous effects of the Independent Treasury by judicious use of the banks. We still compel the Secretary to bear the responsibility of selecting the banks in which deposits shall be made, and of determining how much each bank shall have and what the security shall be, although these duties inevitably involve him in the most disagreeable kind of criticism a public official is called upon to endure. Seven years ago there were about 250 depositories; now there are 1,225, and with 6,411 National banks in the country the task of distribution has only begun. It is just getting to be known that public deposits are to be had by energetic solicitation, and Senators and Congressmen in all parts of the country are under pressure to help secure

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these favors. This pressure comes from an influential class of their constituents, and the Secretary of the Treasury is directly subjected to it by a provision of the Aldrich act, instructing him to "distribute the deposits herein provided for equitably as far as possible between the different States and sections." Under this mandate there is no reason why every National bank may not claim a share. Besides the profit from the deposits the prestige of being selected as a National depository makes the designation desirable, and if one bank in a neighborhood is able to advertise this mark of confidence its competitors all want to be placed on an equality with it. The task of arranging such a distribution, and looking after the security, if the scarcity of Government bonds requires the acceptance of other securities, is an intolerable if not impossible one. Imagine the situation when it becomes necessary to reduce deposits and the Secretary must select the banks to be dropped!

The operations of the Treasury are growing in magnitude every year, and the difficulties inherent in present methods become correspondingly greater every year. Receipts and disbursements are each approaching $1,000,000,000 a year. If this vast sum flowed through the Treasury in a steady stream, its management would be a comparatively simple matter; but the greater its volume the greater are the possible fluctuations and possible differences between receipts and disbursements, and the consequent difficulties in managing the surplus.

The people of nearly every other important commercial country of the world have worked these problems out to their satisfaction, and it is a significant fact that they have all come to practically the same system. The French have entrusted to the Bank of France, a semi-official institution, with a capital of 182,500,000 francs, these functions, which they have deemed it impracticable for the Minister of Finance to discharge; and the management of French finance has been the admiration of the world. The Germans are as hard-headed in business affairs as any people in the world, and they have entrusted these functions to the Imperial Bank of Germany, with a capital of 180,000,000 marks, of which the Chancellor of the Empire is the official head. The Japanese are recognized as thorough in whatever they undertake. They copied our system of national banks in 1872, providing circulating notes based on deposits of Government

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bonds; but they have since established the Bank of Japan, modelled after the Imperial Bank of Germany, and made it the only bank of issue and the agency through which the Government conducts its fiscal operations. Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands and all other European countries manage their fiscal affairs in a similar manner. The services of the Bank of England to the British Government are well understood, but its system of note issues is generally recognized as inferior to that of the Imperial Bank of Germany. These great semi-official institutions, by which other Governments correlate their Treasuries to the business world, are performing their functions satisfactorily. Why may we not profit by their experience?

Whenever a great central banking institution is proposed for the United States, the common response is that we tried it once, and hence it is useless to make another effort. It is said that such an institution is an appropriate agency for a monarchy, but out of place in a republic—that it would be controlled by Wall Street or drawn into politics, and that it would be antagonistic to our system of independent banks.

To the first argument, the answer is that the task of handling the Treasury finances is not necessarily different under a republic from what it is under an empire. It is quite as injurious to business in a republic to have large sums withdrawn from circulation and locked up in a Treasury vault as it would be in an empire, and even more difficult for the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to distribute this money in bank deposits than it would be for the Minister of Finance of Russia to do it. Furthermore, the tendency to organization and centralization in industry and finance is not peculiar to monarchies, but in the degree in which it gives higher efficiency it is quite inevitable in republics, and the question is not whether there shall be centralization in banking, but whether it shall be directed and controlled by the Government. Unification and centralization are going on in financial circles now, and to an extent perhaps not fully appreciated. The great banks of New York, with their connections, are more powerful relatively now than they would be with a central banking institution dominated by the Government and organized as outlined below.

It is apparent, however, that a central bank for the United States would have to be organized now on a somewhat different

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plan from the old United States Bank or any of the foreign banks. Our existing banking institutions, State and National, should not and need not be antagonized or interfered with. On the contrary, they should be used as integral factors in the new system. The central institution should be a bank for bankers only, and its stock should be placed entirely with the National and State banks of the country. Suppose the new institution to have a capital of, say, $50,000,000, the shares to be apportioned to State and National banks on the basis of their capital. Let this institution take over all the funds of the Treasury, except the $150,000,000 reserve and the coin held against certificates. Give it authority to issue notes to the amount of, say, $100,000,000, and more under the tax provision of the Imperial Bank of Germany. Establish a branch office in every city where there is now a Sub-Treasury and in other important centres—at least one in each State. Turn over the functions of the Sub-Treasuries to this institution, and have it handle the receipts and disbursements as the central banks abroad do for their Governments. Confine its lending operations to re-discounts of short-time paper for its own stockholders.

Such a bank must be so organized that control cannot pass to a few, or to one locality, and the Treasury Department should be able to control its general policy. There should be such a division of authority that, while the Government might shape the general policy, the details of management, the placing of loans, the selection of employees, etc., would be in the hands of officials representing the stockholders. Such a division of authority between the State and the stockholders is not experimental. It is a feature of the two greatest banking institutions of the world, the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany. A brief sketch of the organization and relations to the Government of these two institutions will be instructive in this connection.

The capital of the Bank of France is paid in by private shareholders, who are represented in the management by a Board of Regents, of fifteen members, of whom three must be Treasury officials, and by three Censors. The former correspond to an ordinary board of directors. The Censors are, as the name would indicate, inspectors or auditors. They are independent of the official staff appointed to watch over the execution of the laws and regulations and give an account of such supervision to the

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stockholders. The executive officers of the Bank are a Governor and two assistants called Under-Governors, all of whom are appointed by the President of France. No paper can be discounted unless approved by the Governor and also by a Discount Committee of the Regents. The Bank is required by law to have at least one branch in every Department of France. The Director of each branch is appointed by the President of the Republic from among three, whose names are submitted by the Governor of the Bank. Each Director is assisted by an Administration Council composed of six to twelve members, who are appointed by the Governor from a list of double the number presented by the Board of Regents. There are also three Censors for each branch, chosen directly by the Regents. The executive staff of the Bank, among whom are a Secretary-General, Comptroller-General and Chief Cashier, is appointed by the Governor. The Bank, at the last renewal of its charter, which occurred in 1897, in return for its privileges agreed to loan the Republic 180,000,000 francs for the term of the Charter, without interest, to pay a tax on its productive circulation equal to one-eighth of one per cent. of the discount rate, and, whenever the discount is above five per cent., to pay three-fourths of the excess into the public Treasury. The present legal limit of the Bank's circulation is 5,800,000,000 francs, but the limit is constantly being raised.

The capital of the Imperial Bank of Germany, like that of the Bank of France, is all supplied by private shareholders. The authority of the Government is exercised by a Board of Directors, appointed by the Emperor, at the head of which is the Chancellor, or Prime Minister, of the Empire. His acting representative is the responsible manager of the Bank. None of these officers may own stock in the Bank. The stockholders are represented by a Central Committee of fifteen members, which assembles at least once a month. This committee reviews the conduct of the Bank, makes recommendations and looks after the interests of the shareholders generally. The continuous and special oversight in the interest of the shareholders is exercised by a special committee of three, chosen from the Central Committee, and known as Deputies. These Deputies are authorized to attend all meetings of the Imperial Board, with advisory votes, and are expected to be present during business hours and take cognizance of the routine business, inspect the books, audit the accounts, have knowl-

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edge of the cash, etc. The profits of the Bank are divided between the shareholders and the Imperial Treasury as follows: First, three and one-half per cent. to the shareholders; of all additional profits, one-quarter to shareholders and three-quarters to the Treasury. There is no legal limitation upon the note circulation of the Bank, except the provision that one-third of its circulation must be covered by coin and bullion, and that a tax of five per cent. must be paid upon all issues above a certain limit, which has been raised from time to time.

These institutions provide the machinery through which the Treasury Departments of France and Germany perform their appropriate functions with relation to the public funds and the supervision of the circulating medium. They are properly dual in management, because on the one side they have official responsibilities, while on the other they enter directly into the business life of these countries. Through them, the Governments come into closer and more practical relations with the business world than they could in any other way. The scheme is in no sense an experiment. In both countries it is an unquestioned success. The fact that the plan has been almost universally copied affords the strongest possible endorsement of it. The influence of the shareholders, who furnish the capital, is naturally for a practical and efficient administration, while the authority of the state is exercised under a sense of responsibility to the whole country and subordinates the idea of profit to public service. This combination of private interest and public authority affords the system of checks and balances which should accompany all grants of power.

A central bank for this country which served only as a connecting link between the Treasury and existing State and National banks would not hold the commanding position of the two institutions described, but the general plan upon which they are organized suggests how most of the objections to such an institution could be met. Suppose its stock to be held by National and State banks in proportion to their capitalization; allow the stockholders to select a Board of Directors, similar to the Board of Regents of the Bank of France, but let them be elected by territorial districts, so that every part of the country would be represented in proportion to its holdings; create an executive board of, say, five, of which the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency and the Treasurer of the United States

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would be three, the other two to be chosen by the Directors, the executive board to determine the general policy of the Bank; let the executive officers be named by the Secretary of the Treasury from a list submitted by the Board of Directors; require the bank to have at least one office in every State, and let the stockholders within a defined territory tributary to each branch select an advisory board for that office, and submit a list of names from which the manager should be appointed; let a corps of inspectors or auditors be appointed, in part by the Secretary of the Treasury, and in part by the Board of Directors, to examine all offices at frequent intervals.

Could such an institution become an offensive monopoly or fall under the control of any locality? Would the danger of its being drawn into politics be greater than the danger of the Treasury being drawn into politics under the present system? Through its branches the funds belonging to the Treasury which its was desirable to have returned to circulation could be placed by loan in any part of the country, and wherever placed the profits would belong to all the stockholders subject to any division with the Treasury that might be provided for. The loans should be rediscounts, restricted to short-time paper arising from the movement of staple commodities to market, and being constantly liquidated.

Through the funds under its control and the note-issuing power given it, the central institution would be able to come to the aid of any bank in the system, provided such bank was worthy of assistance. No sound banking institution in the system need ever fail after the central bank was established. The weakness of our banking system to-day is in the isolation of the individual units. When a real crisis comes, the situation is likely to be aggravated by the efforts of individual banks to strengthen themselves, and by the failure of the unprepared. An effort is made in the cities to remedy this isolation by cooperation through the clearing-house associations, and the benefits of closer relations in time of stress have been experienced repeatedly. The central institution would be a bond of union for both State and National systems, and would virtually place the resources of the Government behind them whenever the public welfare was concerned. The existing banks would not be disturbed, but they would be federated for certain purposes. If the profits of the central institution were

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divided with the Treasury, after the plan of the Imperial Bank of Germany, the returns upon the stock would not be large, but the security afforded to every bank in the system would make it an object for each to take its quota.

Finally, the note-issuing power vested in the central bank would give this country a degree of independence of conditions abroad which it does not now have. For weeks lately, the price of foreign exchange has been such that gold importations could have been made with profit; but they have not been made, although money was badly needed in New York, because the withdrawal of gold from foreign markets would create a disturbance which might react disastrously in New York. Six months ago, notice was virtually served on New York bankers that the taking of gold from London at that time would be regarded as an unfriendly act. An untoward event abroad which would create a demand for ready money might at any time cause the return of such quantities of American securities as to occasion gold exports from New York, and there is no assurance that such demands will consult our convenience. They might fall imperatively upon a situation already strained to the limit. During the last two years there has existed the possibility of a collapse of Russian securities which would force liquidation in every market of Europe. This country needs the machinery by which its credit could be used in such an emergency and its industrial interests shielded from the blow. With the notes of such an institution to temporarily take the place of gold in the domestic exchanges, these international demands could be met and the situation adjusted to them. The note circulation, with its elastic possibilities, would be a buffer or cushion to ease the shock. The difference between ability to satisfy all legitimate needs, at even a high rate of interest, and inability to meet such demands at all, is the difference between gradual adjustment and industrial collapse.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS.

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A GREAT NEW YORK JOURNALIST.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

We have had great New York journalists enough and to spare in the past, not to speak of the present, and it will not perhaps surprise the reader to realize that, in spite of their greatness, they were not New-Yorkers, though they were certainly journalists, leaving each a vivid and sometimes a profound impress on their time and place. Not to go so far back as James Watson Webb, there was James Gordon Bennett, who was Scotch, and his antithesis Horace Greeley, who was of the Scotch-Irish stock settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire. A little before either was William Cullen Bryant, the poet, from the Massachusetts hill-country, and much later there was Charles A. Dana, of New Hampshire and then of that transcendental air about Boston, crystallized for a shining hour in the community of Brook Farm. George William Curtis, who, though never the head of a powerful daily New York newspaper, was a great journalist in the highest sense, was again from New England, and again from Brook Farm. Henry J. Raymond was born on an up-State farm, and came to the metropolis the graduate of a small Vermont college. Edwin Lawrence Godkin, with whom the list must close, if we are not to deal with the great journalists who are still living, was of Irish birth and Irish and English breeding, and of a temperament equally representative of his mingled Irish and English descent. He was so far from being a New-Yorker in origin or in education that he was a fully mature Queen's College, Belfast, man, a student of law in Lincoln's Inn, and much experienced in journalistic life as a writer for the London press, and as the Crimean correspondent of the London "News," before he began journalist here in 1857, as a writer on the "New York Times."

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It is not my purpose to rehearse, or even slightly sketch, the story of his life, which Mr. Rollo Ogden* has told so well in parts, and in part has allowed to tell itself so well in the two volumes which have lately appeared. The work, always done with taste, with temperance, with sympathy by the author of the biography, has had efficient help from the subject, for nothing fell from Godkin's pen which was not characteristically forcible, characteristically transparent, characteristically pungent. His style always had atmosphere, and this atmosphere was always invigorating for most readers, even when it was irritating to some. It had savor, too, and was never so dilute with daily effusion as not to taste of a mind full of Celtic juices, cleared by English culture. The sort of man he was appeared in whatever he wrote, and his biographer is wisely sparing of the comment to which a less obvious and a less outright subject must have tempted him. Almost from the beginning, therefore, the great journalist tells his own story in the selection which the biographer judiciously makes from his correspondence, from letters alike open whether addressed to personal friends or impersonal readers. From the beginning they take hold on the imagination and invite it to realize the writer as he was in life and through life.

Naturally, the passages which embody his youth to us are the most attractive, though he did not change in quality, but only grew firmer and harder with advancing years. The young journalist, ardent for the cause of freedom to which he was constant at first in Ireland, then in the struggling peoples of the Continent, and then in the land of his ideal here, the land largely of his disillusion, but never wholly of his disappointment, has the charm of a fresh talent in those admirable letters to the London "News" from the seat of the Crimean War which made him known to the English world. They evince the power of observation and inference which he showed directly afterwards when he came to America and began the scrutiny of moral causes so soon to eventuate in a war far outreaching in consequence that of any war precipitated by European diplomacy. He had felt so strongly for the oppressed nationalities that he had come to the help of Hungary in a sketch of her history when that seemed

* "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin." Edited by Rollo Ogden. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

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to have ended as a separate history; and when he began his travels through the Southern States in the later eighteen-fifties, he showed the same genuine, unsentimentalized feeling for the far more wretched and pitiable race which he found enslaved there. Every word of what he wrote concerning the semi-barbaric conditions in the South is of value. The rude aristocracy which romance has rehabilitated in the likeness of a splendid patriciate since the war destroyed slavery, he lets us see as it really was, bragging, bullying, drinking, shooting, spitting, and yet possessed of a political force and a native intellectual vigor, as well as a dauntless courage and a military genius, which made it one of the most interesting anomalies of history. He shows us the poor whites in their squalor and the black slaves in their misery, and he strips from the civilization founded on the subjection of both the glamour of its pseudo-hospitality and pseudo-chivalry. The most poignant passages of his Southern letters are those which shed their clear light upon the constant necessity that slavery had of blighting fresh regions; and hardly anywhere else is there such a realistic picture of the incident suffering as he paints of a planter's family making its way from the older to the newer country, and of the hopeless slaves who must bear the heaviest burden of the pilgrimage without a ray of light in the horizons before them, and with no incentive but the lash. Of his transit of a Mississippi swamp he writes:

"I fell in with an emigrant party on their way to Texas. Their mules had sunk in the mud . . . the wagons were already embedded as far as the axles. The women of the party, lightly clad in cotton, had walked for miles, knee-deep in water, through the brake, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and were now crouching, forlorn and woe-begone, under the shelter of a tree. . . . The men were making feeble attempts to light a fire. . . . 'Colonel,' said one of them as I rode past, 'this is the gate of hell, ain't it?' . . . The hardships the negroes go through who are attached to these emigrant parties baffle description. . . . They trudge on foot all day through mud and thicket without rest or respite. . . . Thousands of miles are traversed by these weary wayfarers without their knowing or caring why, urged on by the whip and in the full assurance that no change of place can bring any change to them. . . . Hard work, coarse food, merciless floggings, are all that await them, and all they can look to. I have never passed them,—staggering along in the rear of the wagons at the close of a long day's march, the weakest furthest in the rear, the strongest already utterly spent, without wondering how Christendom, which eight centuries ago

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rose in arms for a sentiment, can look so calmly on at so foul and monstrous a wrong as this American slavery."

He bore faithful witness against the essential atrocity of the system which the South would have destroyed the Union to perpetuate; yet his study of the South was as wholly without prejudice as it remained without rancor. When the war had ended all that, and the tragi-comedy of reconstruction began, the South had no juster friend in the North than he who had seen it with such unsparing eyes.

On coming back to New York at the end of his travels in 1857, he prepared himself for admission to the bar, but he continued his correspondence for the London "News," and he slowly but inevitably began to identify himself with the journalism of the city where he had cast his lot. He was at all times much more able to do justice to alien temperaments and personalities than people who knew him only in the long fight he waged with civic abuses, and witnessed his unsparing use of ridicule, sarcasm and invective with his opponents, could well imagine. He, for instance, early admired in the New York "Tribune" the qualities in that great newspaper which the occasional defect of them in its founder could not neutralize, and the characterization of Horace Greeley himself which he has left is a masterpiece of criticism, as generous as it is just. He could not be called a dispassionate observer of men; he was a very impassioned observer; but with his profound and essential belief in the perfectibility of society, he had the correlative wish to be fair to its imperfect particles. It might be said of him, as Heine said of himself, that he loved his enemies, but not until they were dead; yet he was never, even in their lifetimes, without a tenderness for his enemies, or for what was quaint, for what was grotesque in them, for what was human; they appealed to his kindness, if only through his rich sense of humor. If he was unable at the same time to spare them, it was because his conscience, erring or unerring, forbade him to spare them.

A closer knowledge of him than the knowledge his biographer has shared with all, began for me with our personal acquaintance in the first year of "The Nation," when he had already achieved a high place in New York journalism. He had then definitely relinquished the law, and had been for some years a writer of leaders in the "New York Times," where I came upon his traces

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when I also aspired to write for the "Times." I believe he had not quite ceased to write there when I began to offer literary papers to him as the editor of "The Nation." He was one of several editors to whom I was then offering such papers, and one day he asked me what my aggregate gains from them came to; then he struck an average in his proposal for my entire literary output, and the next day I came down to the office of the "Nation," where every day for three months after I wrote at a desk in his room, and in his constant companionship. This was one of the most charming passages of a life which I sometimes think has been unduly favored in that way, for we were not so far apart in age that we could not meet on the common ground of young manhood, and we were of a like temperament in the willingness to laugh and make laugh. The world was not so serious then but we could find something amusing in each day's events, and we shared our pleasure in these as we went over the morning's papers respectively, and came on the suggestions for our day's work.

Often before I had found mine his back was turned, and he was busy with the weightier topic which had engaged him before I had settled upon the social or psychological interest which I thought I could turn to account. His journalistic instinct was pretty promptly shown in estimating my powers, such as they were, and in presently appointing their use in a special department to which they were confined as long as I was connected with "The Nation." If something peculiarly fit for it struck us, we talked it over together, and he did not mind turning away from his own manuscript, and listening to what I had written, if the subject had offered any chance for fun. Then his laugh, his Irish laugh, hailed my luck with it, or his honest English misgiving expressed itself in a criticism which I had to own just. At the end of our day, we sometimes walked up-town together, talking through the roar of the Broadway omnibuses of the many things which interest men in their earlier thirties and their later twenties, and when we parted I always carried with me a heightened impulse and a freshened incentive for the work of the morrow.

I give my experience of him, which is none the less a kindly memory, because I know that it was different in effect from the experience of some others. When, in March, I went to take up

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the literary life in Boston, which in one form or other kept me there for twenty-five years, I began to get my genial comrade of the mornings' talk, the mornings' work, more in perspective, and to see him, as the admirable men about me saw him, for the national force into which he was developing. "The Nation" had been founded, in a sort, as the especial organ of the freedmen, if that is not stating it too loosely; but it soon outgrew that limit and became the transcendent influence for honest politics, which it continued until its distinctive individuality was lost by its devolution into the weekly edition of "The Evening Post." But for at least ten years it was the exponent of those who wished our political life to throw off its unprincipled boyishness, and assume the responsibilities and ideals of maturity. It made for dignity as well as purity, and in the dismal reconstruction darkness for something like enlightened patience and circumspection. It is no secret that it hurt and disappointed many of its friends, and it hurt some whom it did not disappoint. It can now do no harm to say that Lowell sometimes winced under "The Nation's" criticisms of his literature, while he held steadfastly to its politics. He and the friends who were next him did justice to what they believed the immense and exceptional service which "The Nation" rendered in maintaining the principles of good government and of public morals in general. They believed that the editor did more to influence public opinion and to give right direction to it for many years than any other man. He raised, they believed, the general level of editorial writing throughout the United States; but I myself heard him do justice to services of others in this cause, specifically to those of Mr. Whitelaw Reid in refusing all part in the personalities which had tended to puerilize New York journalism before his time. But these strong and pure friends of his maintained that in the combination of intellectual power, moral integrity and courage, trained intelligence, knowledge of mankind, devotion to public ends, capacity of clear statement and of well-reasoned argument, he had a solitary preeminence; and that in comparison with these qualities, his defects were inconsiderable.

I do not say that they were mistaken, but only that, from my own knowledge of our journalism, I had found the qualities for which he was unquestionably distinguished less infrequent than they might have believed. What he undoubtedly did was to

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assemble and array these qualities in a make-up, under a generalship of singular ability and initiative, against the opposing influences. There were other good men, in and about Boston, especially some survivors of the old, impassioned anti-slavery times, who accused "The Nation" of faltering in the cause to which it had been, as they conceived, originally dedicated. These were, perhaps, such as had been wounded in their favorite opinions, or preferences, or prejudices, but they were also just and truthful persons in certain cases. Whatever they were, they were united with its believers in confessing the power of the new journal: an English liberal journal, on the American terms, with a strong infusion of Irish wit and fight. Whether we liked it or not, or trusted it or not, we looked eagerly for it every week, and read it, and repeated its sayings with a faith in their importance and finality which still survives in Cambridge. Very likely it survives in the pride and affection of other intellectual centres, and very likely "The Nation" might still be the power of old days if it had continued singly or solely to engage the energies of its founder.

No other publication became so nearly the "organ" of the universities. But the time had come for the editor to take that leading place in New York journalism which only a leading daily newspaper offers the man capable of holding it. "The Evening Post" became Godkin's primary interest, and "The Nation" became his secondary interest. The editorials of the "Post" were reproduced in "The Nation," and most of its literary matter, though I believe it was not quite a mere weekly edition of the "Post," but had some features and properties of its own. Yet, somehow, it slipped more into the background, and, somehow, the "Post" came more into the foreground; one may say this without impeaching its continuing excellence. Oddly enough, however, unless I am misreading history, or mistaking the situation, the editor, with an increasing local force, lost something of his national influence, while he gained international recognition. He dealt as strenuously, as faithfully, as ever with national politics, but in this field he grew more critical and conservative, while in foreign matters he held the advanced position of English Liberalism, beyond which, perhaps, he never passed even in his ideals. At the same time, he became so deeply, so intensely, interested in the questions of

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municipal government, or misgovernment, more strictly speaking, that while read and trusted at home and abroad for his views of international affairs, he was perhaps less remembered in connection with our general politics than he had been. It would not do to say that he lost his following in these, but it will do to say, I think, that his struggle with the atrocious, the indecent misgovernment of the metropolis was what chiefly centred people's interest upon him. For a long series of years he cried aloud and spared not; his burning wit, his crushing invective, his biting sarcasm, his amusing irony, his pitiless logic, were all devoted to the extermination of the rascality by nature and the rascals by name who misruled that hapless city, where they indeed afterwards changed their name but not their nature.

He wore himself out in the pursuit of them, but he did not wear them out, at least in their succession, as any one may realize who looks at the insolent neglect of our squalid streets, or knows the corruption of our police, or hears the tales of open or hidden graft in our administration, or sees the efforts for civic reform baffled on every hand. Reform, here, does not reform; it scarcely arrests; if a gentleman is chosen mayor, honest men seem no better off than before. The story, as concerns Godkin, has its immense pathos. It is an inexpressible pity that so much power for good should apparently go for so little, and that evil should remain where it was before, qualitatively as strong, and quantitatively greater, than it was before the long struggle with it began. But in this fight he became not only a great New York journalist, but distinctively the greatest, since he was more singly devoted to civic affairs than any other great New York journalist ever was.

The people tired of the fight before their champion tired, it came to be said; and when it came to be said, it came to be thought that the new "Evening Post" was always "finding fault," always "scolding." It came to be said, and it came to be thought, that the editor was a pessimist. But nothing, I conceive, could be more fantastically mistaken as a notion of his nature or his character. If pessimism means anything—and to most people who use the word I do not suppose it means anything — it means despair of the prevalence of good through a divine government of the universe, or through the conscious endeavor of humanity for the right. Pessimism, if such a thing

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ever really exists, accepts the worst of all possible worlds as final, and cynically ignores what makes for good inside or outside of us, smiling at the illusion of anything different as a soap-bubble Utopia. But this was not the mood of a man who never rested, while his strength lasted, in his struggle with evil. He believed in the existence of incarnate rascality, of deviltry positive and active night and day, but he did not the less keep up his sleepless fight with it. At the same time, he ardently trusted, with the whole force of his generous Celtic nature, with the whole weight of his solid Saxon mind, in the possibility of overcoming this rascality, this deviltry, and he gave himself, heart and soul, but without alloy of sentimentality, to its extirpation. I do not know, but I think it possible, that he might sometimes have said, after he was obliged by sickness and weakness to lay down his arms, that he had fought a losing fight, but I do not believe he ever thought that, with time enough and health enough, he could not have made it a winning fight. He must have seen some evidences, partial and transient indeed, of success; he had witnessed from time to time the flight of certain rascals, and he could well have hoped for the exile of rascality. He might have laughed in kindly self-derision at the succession of other rascals to the crown of rascality, but some day, far or near, he believed that round and top of sovereignty would roll in the dust.

His attitude towards America came to be misunderstood, through those who confused it with his hatred of American rascality. Because he cried out on this so incessantly, that it was supposed that he did not believe either in our perfection or our perfectibility; but he did believe in the last though not in the first, and no honest man, not a fool, can pretend to believe in our perfection. He was accused of being foreign-born, and he was undeniably so; he was accused of impatriotism, both as to the land of his birth and the land of his adoption; but nothing could be more false. He never ceased to be a true Irishman, in his love of Ireland's right to self-rule, and he never ceased to be a true American in his love of America's ruling by right alone. He abhorred the jingo ideal of our aggrandizement by battle-ship; he held that, before we sought to become a world-power, we were the greatest as well as safest power in the world because of our moral preeminence, our lofty ideals of justice, our devotion to humanity. In the minor matters of our social character, of

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the fineness and goodness that too often lurked beneath our unpleasant surfaces, no one has ever made a franker, bolder, truer representation to the English criticism than he has done in several of his admirable letters. He did understand us, he did believe in us, for he knew not only what we were, but what we were capable of becoming.

When the shadow of war threatened us, when the clouds that our rain-makers had beaten up rolled and gathered over us, he wrote certain things in his journal which seemed shockingly out of taste to those readers who like to pretend that a good war is not hideous. He had seen war, and he had not forgotten how it looked, and how it looked he told his readers, so that they could not fail to see with his eyes that war literally meant men with their skulls burst open, their heads shot off, their limbs scattered, their entrails torn out, their unspeakable agony, whether they lived or died; that war was burning towns and trampled fields, with women and children blown to pieces in the blazing streets or houses, or starving amidst the wasted harvests. He set these things down in plain words, with a simple force of truth such as Vereschagin did not surpass in his awful canvases; and no doubt he increased the popular apprehension of his pessimism. But, all the while, his essential optimism forbade him to believe that the worst could come; he could not really imagine that the Americans, if it could in any wise be shunned or escaped, would plunge into that hell. On the very brink of the catastrophe, I met him once, and we talked together, sadly enough as to the fact in the abstract, and as to the probable effect it would have on our national life; but at last he broke away from the dismal forecast, and with a laugh that came from a heart of faith in humanity, in America, he ended our gloomy parley with the words, "Well, there isn't going to be any war!" Within a week one of our cruisers had seized a wretched Spanish ship-captain's trading-vessel in the Gulf, and the newspapers had told how the poor man had cried over the destruction of his little fortune, and of his livelihood; and then there had come news of the first American blood spilt in a quarrel out of which we had refused to find a peaceful issue. The prophet was not a very good prophet, but as a pessimist he was surely not of a rounded perfection.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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TEMPORARY INDUSTRIAL FELLOWSHIPS.

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN, PROFESSOR OF INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

THAT all industries have problems of a scientific nature may readily be discovered by simply inquiring of any manufacturer whatever. In these days, he will not only admit that he has these problems, but he is apt to complain, even bitterly, that he cannot find the men to solve them, and, moreover, that their continued lack of solution means, imminently, loss or failure to his individual instance of the industry. In the past few decades, while these problems were present, ever and always, they were masked, or, at any rate, their importance was masked, by the wealth of raw materials that lay everywhere at hand; by an aggressive tariff, that concealed from the manufacturer the practical presence of the problems; and by a certain facility in what may not unfairly be called business intrigue, which enabled him to supplement the waste in his factory by combinations for the elimination of competition; finally, the needs of the population have been so open-mouthed and hungry that the cruel edge of competition lay long unsharpened.

Now, however, in all industries, conditions are radically changing. The unexampled and wasteful production of the country bids fair to result in overproduction; in the practice of business intrigue each manufacturer has sharpened the face of his rival to a razor-edge; the wealth of raw materials has in large measure been aggregated into the holdings of a few men, who release these products to the manufacturer only at an onerous and distressful rate; the tariff, high as it is, is still unable to exclude many articles of foreign manufacture made under the intelligent supervision of modern science; and, for we live in parlous times, the tariff, itself, on its present high pinnacle lies in unstable equi-

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librium. The steady growth in the introduction of articles of foreign manufacture made with the aid of modern science is no mere silliness of the imagination. To one who, like the writer, has spent a year in Europe in the continued investigation of the extent to which science is applied to modern industry, the situation could only be characterized adequately through utterance that would be sensational. The Germany of the days prior to the Prussian conquest has passed away and the new Germany is a Germany of workshops; and workshops, too, in which, in the intelligent application of means to ends, which constitutes the scientific method, in the eagerness to harness new knowledge to their service, and in a willingness to spend money in intelligent experimentation, there is demonstrated a condition of almost perfect functioning. In France, also, though not with the same method, but in a spirit as eager and intelligent, there is the same turning over into sensible scientific conduct of the traditional industries and the same activity in the establishment of new ones. In Italy, too, long deemed a land of languorous ineptitude, the scientific spirit has stirred into active being a multitude of new industries. Even in England, there is abroad in the land the spirit of applied science.

Nowhere else, however, is there in evidence the same system of coordination and cooperation in industry as there is in Germany. The universities are coordinated with the industries, and so are the banks and the great steamship companies; all of them constituting a system of cooperation so observable that it forces the conclusion that it is not the unconscious outcome of the German character, but the result, rather, of an active and conscious plan.

Apposite to this statement, and indeed typical, is the case of a German university professor who discovered a new process. His first step was to present it to the experts of one of the great factories concerned: his second was to present it to the Deutsche Bank, which employed its own experts to report on the validity and practicability of the process. As a result, the professor with his discovery, the Deutsche Bank with its funds, and the company with its immense facilities for investigating the discovery on a large scale, formed a little company of three for the exploitation of the process. How impossible would be such an arrangement in this country!

Thus it is in Europe; but what about America? It is no

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mistake to say that American manufacture is a chaos of confusion and waste. It is no mistake, either, to say that the American manufacturer now knows it. This confusion and waste, it should be said, is chemical, not mechanical. Along the lines of mechanical contrivances America need acknowledge no peer. But mechanical contrivances are but a small part of the operations of modern industry. Since every manufacturer deals with the modification of substance, and substance is the business of chemistry, every manufacturer is just exactly to that extent chemical. That this fundamental truth has not, in the past, been recognized is due largely to the fact that the manufacturers of the last generation were, generally speaking, men endowed with great natural abilities but of small education—men who, starting as factory "hands," worked themselves up through the grades of foreman and superintendent to managerships and presidencies. To such men, science and the scientific method meant literally nothing; it was outside their ken, and they had all the impatience and disdain of the "practical man" for what they called the "theoretical fellow." With the growth of the combinations of capital, however, and with the coming of a schooled generation of business men, matters have assumed a different aspect. Naturally enough, the large organizations of capital have been the first to appreciate the working value of the leaven of new knowledge, and it is in marked degree due to this appreciation that they have successfully differentiated their factory processes from those of small companies or individual manufacturers. The small manufacturer, failing in the stress of competition, often ascribes to business intrigue and combination a competitive success that actually belongs to modern chemistry. There is, as a matter of fact, a singular difference to-day between the factory practice of different companies in any one industry. This is for the reason that the larger companies, while employing expert scientific advice with huge resulting economies, keep their improved processes strictly to themselves, for, obviously, in applied science, it does not pay to tell. The result is a situation that to the smaller manufacturer grows more and more intolerable.

There is a question that has come to the writer out of every quarter of the English-speaking lands, and from trust organizations and small manufacturers alike: "How can we utilize modern knowledge?"

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This question, the writer believes, has found its answer in a practical form in a new relation which he has suggested and initiated between the University of Kansas and the people of the country. It lies in giving the manufacturer the privilege of founding in the University a Temporary Industrial Fellowship for the investigation of a specific problem, the solution of which would mutually and materially benefit both the manufacturer himself and the public.

The consistency and propriety of this aid are seen in the accepted dictum that the University stands for the whole good of man — for the *uplift* of man. The absolute function of the University is not only the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, but of *useful* knowledge. It must be remembered that it is only through useful knowledge that the people have gained the material blessings of our new civilization. Furthermore, it must be remembered that every useful agent in our new civilization is the product of an industry, and that it is only through the industries that these new products of civilization can go to the people. New mechanisms—such as the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the X-ray bulb—new medicines, new dyes, new steels, new and improved products that surround us on every side come to us only through the industries. People confuse the blessings of the products of industry with the mixed blessings of the exploiters of industry. Every discovery utilizable by industry is a thread in the fabric of a future and more gracious civilization. The exploiters of industry, on the contrary, are a phenomenon belonging of necessity only to our age. Future men may, and doubtless will, modify and control their powers or altogether eliminate them; but, in the industry which they exploit, there lies the whole hope of the betterment of the world. For science, waste-abhorring, will introduce such economies; and science, the spirit of intelligence, will discover such new processes and agents and powers that man, in the far future, but inevitable, readjustment, will find through science the chance to live. Consequently, the University may with entire propriety lend itself to the increase of useful knowledge, all the more since it forwards this useful knowledge by simply affording the manufacturer the opportunity of helping himself.

That the University can, actually and practically, forward the progress of industry is seen in the consideration of two facts.

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First, is the application of new knowledge: the problems that may be solved by the layman in science, even though that layman be a foreman in the factory, have practically disappeared—problems having obvious and apparent answers have all been solved. Again, owing to the continuous acceleration of modern knowledge, the field of science, so long as it is not compared with that which still remains to be discovered, is prodigious in extent—and it is only in the universities that such knowledge is practised and known. It is this knowledge, born and bred in the universities, that is creating industrial revolutions. It may be said on this point that the industries have in their employ their own chemists and other men of science, but such a statement would be barely a partial truth. It is true that the large trust organizations do employ one or two men of science, and the success of these organizations—that is, their real, and not adventitious, success—rests upon the service of these men. As for the smaller manufacturers, however, they employ practically none; their "chemists" should be quotation-marked to mean laboratory boys, trained only to do one testing operation over and over again. Even those men of unquestionable scientific training that are at present employed by the factories are by the very fact of that employment incapable of solving its problems. As one large company recently informed us, such men "cannot see over their own fence," they "cannot see the wood for the trees," they "are killed by their own routine." To take a specific case: A chemist employed by a glass-factory may, sensibly and accurately, analyze the furnace-gas and the soda and lime and sand used in the making of glass, but he could not possibly determine the science of glass-making; that kind of a service was rendered by professors from the University of Jena. The fact is that, in these days, the really important problems can only be solved by the rendering of aid from outside—by men attacking the problem with a perfectly open mind and armed with a wide range of new facts apparently unrelated but potentially applicable. We see this in the actual facts of the case—that it is from the large universities of the world that industry has received in recent years its most valuable gifts. It is well within the mark to say that, during the last ten years, three-fourths of the discoveries of industrial importance have emanated either from the universities or from men whose knowledge was obtained therein.

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But the beneficence of the University extends not only to the solution of an industrial problem, but, also, to the furnishing of men. That "good men" are scarce is, of course, a truism; but it is terribly apposite in these days. The modern manufacturer advisedly economizes in everything but salaries, and the very considerable salaries paid to good men is ample evidence of their rarity. Now, the purlieus of adolescent "good men" are the laboratories of the University. There it is that men are "tried out," and there it is, too, that men are known better than they know themselves. When, therefore, the University accepts from a manufacturer the foundation of an industrial fellowship, it not only provides an expert intense attempt to solve a problem by the application of the newest of new knowledge, but, as well, it provides for that industry a "good man," whom the industry would do well to cherish, or, at any rate, the best man available.

The character of these Fellowships is best demonstrated by a specific case such as we give below:

The A. B. Industrial Fellowship.

For the purpose of promoting the increase of useful knowledge, the University of Kansas accepts from *The A. B. Company, of Chicago,** the foundation of a Temporary Industrial Fellowship to be known as *The A. B. Fellowship.*

It is mutually agreed and understood that the conditions governing this Fellowship shall be as follows:

The exclusive purpose of this Fellowship is *The discovery of Improvements in the Chemistry of Laundering,* to the furtherance of which the holder of this Fellowship shall give his whole time and attention.

The Fellow shall be appointed by the Chancellor of the University, the Director of the Chemical Department and the Professor of Industrial Chemistry; he shall be a member of the University and shall pay all regular fees, including laboratory fees; he shall work under the advice and direction of the Professor of Industrial Chemistry, and he shall forward periodically, through the Professor of Industrial Chemistry, reports of the progress of his work to *The A. B. Company.*

For the support of this Fellowship, which shall extend through a period of *Two Years* from the date of appointment of the Fellow, *The A. B. Company* agree to pay *Five Hundred Dollars* per year, payable annually to the University on the *First of March.* This sum shall be paid by the University in monthly instalments to the holder of the Fellowship.

Any and all discoveries made by the Fellow during the tenure of his Fellowship shall become the property of *The A. B. Company* subject,

* The written parts of the agreement are printed in italics.

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however, to the payment by them to the Fellow of one-tenth of the net proceeds arising from such discoveries, it being understood that the Fellow shall be regarded as the inventor. At or before the expiration of the Fellowship, the business services of the Fellow may be secured by *The A. B. Company* for a term of *Three Years* on condition that the terms of such services are satisfactory to both parties at interest.

It is also understood and agreed that, on the expiration of the Fellowship, the holder thereof shall have completed a comprehensive monograph on *The Chemistry of Laundering* containing both what he and others have been able to discover. A copy of this monograph shall be forwarded to *The A. B. Company,* and a copy shall be signed and placed in the archives of the University until the expiration of three years from that date, when the University shall be at liberty to publish it for the use and benefit of the people.

It will be seen that this Fellowship affects three different parties: The Industry, the University standing for the people, and the Fellow appointed.

As for the Industry: The A. B. Company is concerned with the manufacture of Launderers' materials. This Company believes that the Laundry business, while along mechanical lines it may be considered to have reached a condition of what might be called terminal perfection, along chemical lines is conducted on a basis of almost mediæval ignorance; that it has been developed upon the slenderest knowledge of the material of cotton and linen textiles; and that it is practised with a joyous disregard of the whole body of modern chemical knowledge. It believes that the chemical methods of the present-day laundry can not only be changed, but radically changed; and it also believes that this change must be initiated from the outside—that its own chemists cannot solve its problems. Consequently, the Company has appreciated the opportunity of founding in this progressive University in the West a Temporary Fellowship for the solution of this one specific problem, for it sees that in combining the "inside" knowledge and big facilities of its factories with the special knowledge and trained action of the University and its Fellow, there lies a sane practical chance of a happy solution. It is willing to offer the Fellow appointed not merely the yearly $500 which constitutes the stipend of his Fellowship, but, in addition, one-tenth of the value of all that he can discover, as well as, ultimately, a permanent position with the Company on a mutually satisfactory basis—one-tenth, because a tax of a tithe upon a successful innovation in factory practice can never be

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burdensome, and a permanent position, because, if the Fellow succeeds, the Company must have him, and, whether or not, it always needs "good men."

The University, listening, as becomes a State University, with its ear to the ground, and unlike those institutions that are concerned only with their own self-perpetuation, has heard the murmurs of the people. Indeed, who has not? For, as a matter known by everybody and freely yet regretfully acknowledged by laundry men themselves, the course of the shirt to the laundry is one of swift and progressive disintegration. Since the people of this country pay a laundry bill of nearly twenty-five million dollars a week, and, in addition, vastly more than this in replacing fabrics which the laundry destroys, the solution of this problem is of unquestionable importance to their welfare. The University, therefore, in behalf of the people, is willing to extend its advice and facilities to the industry concerned, but—and in this "but" there lies the whole function of the University—it insists that the knowledge obtained within its gates should in a reasonable time become the common property of man. This is conserved by the agreement that, before the expiration of the Fellowship, the Fellow shall have completed a comprehensive monograph fairly exploiting all that he and others before him have succeeded in discovering. This monograph, after giving the Company three years' advantage, the University will publish. This does not mean that the Fellow and the Company are prohibited from taking out, at any time, patents on discoveries with industrial likelihood; but patents generally convey but a small proportion of the knowledge requisite for working them; and so, through this monograph, the means of using these patents after their expiration, and of improving them before their expiration, will be conserved to the people.

As for the Fellow appointed to the task, he pits his youth and strength and training and creative ability against a problem which the Company, with its inner knowledge of the conditions of the business, believes to be solvable. He is eager enough to attempt his devoir, because, while guaranteed a sum adequate to support him and sufficient time to make his achievement, he is guaranteed also a fair share of the spoils should he succeed. It is a game in which he has a reasonable chance of winning anything from zero to a million, and he is assured of the "square

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deal." What more can be desired by a young man at the threshold of his activity, even if it means that he must leave the "nook merely monastic" of a professor in embryo for a life of industrial alarums and strenuous war? In addition, he has in the monograph which he writes the opportunity of proving himself a supreme authority in this limited but important field; he has, if he wins, an assured position by which he may take a notable part in what in these days is the preferred work of the world, the doing of real things, the turning of knowledge into useful ends; and then, too, his work may all be carried on in strictest accordance with the science in which he has been bred.

Finally, a rereading of this agreement will show that it is essentially one of trust. The University stands sponsor to this arrangement, because, in any particular instance in which the foundation of a Fellowship is accepted, it will first convince itself of the integrity of all concerned. For that reason, the foregoing agreement, for example, has been drawn in a broad and liberal spirit, and it thus stands to the young men in the University as a demonstration that opportunity waits not only upon training and ability, but, first and foremost, upon a reputation for absolute integrity.

Everywhere throughout America, wherever there is the smoke of a factory chimney, there are unsolved, exasperating, vitally important manufacturing problems—problems in glass, porcelain, starch, tanning, paints, drugs, meats, iron, oil, metallurgical products — problems wherever man deals with substance. It seems clear that these problems can best be answered by combining the practical knowledge and the large facilities of the factory with the new and special knowledge of the universities, and by making this combination through young men who will find therein success and opportunity.

A Temporary Industrial Fellowship does this; it affords a young man every incentive to lay his hands on the vast body of correlated knowledge called Science, and to make it subserve the practical needs of the human race.

ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN.

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STATE INSURANCE.

BY ERVING WINSLOW.

LIFE-INSURANCE is a striking instance of that devolution in quasi-public enterprises which has been observable of late in so many directions. The *laissez-faire* method, in view of such conditions, has few advocates to-day. The question which men are asking everywhere is how an evolution can be promoted towards better conditions from the low estate to which life-insurance has fallen. In Italy, the disgust with life-insurance matters has actually gone so far as to lead to the return in the Cassa Providenti Italiani to the crude and unscientific method of annual division among the insured lives of the whole receipts of the year.

The dismal tale of lapsed policies, excessive premiums, deferred and tontine payments, overpaid agents, deceptive schemes, costly advertising and canvassing, extravagant salaries, enormous profits and rake-offs by the management and its friends has been spread before the eyes of the public. It seems improbable that the life-insurance companies can regain confidence with thoughtful men through any of the remedial half-measures which it has been proposed to embody in legislation. In the first place, it has become evident that the efforts which have been made, under such influential auspices—with so much labor and expense—in consequence of the recent exposures, to exclude from the management the persons responsible for the evils disclosed, have not succeeded in overcoming the mechanism by which these persons retain their power of control. Again, there are obvious signs that a period of agitation for reform, fomented by the business enterprise of a certain class of publications to a hysterical intensity, is to be succeeded by the usual apathetic reaction. In fact, it is highly probable that at this day the funds of the great insurance companies are more absolutely pooled in the hands of a group of

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"*haute finance*" than ever before, and are absolutely available for their schemes of selfish and oppressive promotion. As a corrective for this state of things, we have the threat of national control, a remedy which is perhaps worse than the disease, under the extraordinary claim that the regulation of interstate commerce confers such power upon the general Government. The application of this remedy is indeed checked for the moment by the prohibition of the courts, but the decisions of the courts have been so harshly criticised by a coordinate department of government that it seems extremely probable that a way may be successfully made to override or to reverse their decision.

Is it not a time for the exercise of that "generous rivalry" among the States in this matter to which Mr. Root incites them, as the only means of avoiding that centralization which he assumes to be inevitable in cases of necessity when the States individually cannot or will not act? So far, at least, it is unquestionable that the life-insurance companies are creatures of State law, controlled by the legislatures of the States in which they operate, and transacting their affairs beyond the limits of these States only on sufferance of the local governments. In Massachusetts, the first State to attempt to regulate life-insurance by government supervision half a century ago, a bill has been introduced—recognizing the failure of that supervision to be effectual—to assume life-insurance as a State undertaking. The doctrine of State rights may have been invoked elsewhere to give State protection to predatory wealth and to secure it from national interference, but Massachusetts is not that kind of a State, and many of her citizens believe that she can conduct these vital concerns under the eyes of her own people, untrammelled by the speculators of Wall Street or the politicians of Washington.

The bill provides for the establishment of an unpaid board of citizens, to be appointed by the Governor, to act with the Insurance Commissioner as a board of trustees or managers of a State system of life-insurance and annuities, with the use of funds of the Commonwealth as a working capital until the plan has reached a settled basis. The plan is simplicity itself, and leaves opportunity for its expansion in details as the full development of the idea is made so as to cover industrial insurance. The present session of the Massachusetts Legislature may not see

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the adoption of the measure, for, besides the various regulations for the control of the insurance business, two special schemes are urged, one for what is called Counter Insurance in favor of a new company applying for an enacting authority, and another for an attachment of life-insurance to the savings-banks, promoted by a so-called League, working through the press and in the State House with large funds. Of course, all the arguments offered in favor of these plans drawn from the disastrous experience of life-insurance can be urged and are urged in favor of the State system.

In spite of the efforts that have been made in behalf of the savings-bank plan, the general disfavor with which it has been received has not failed to find expression, notably from former Governor Long of Massachusetts, who has recently presented a few of the objections to it with clarity and eloquence. It seems incredible that many officers of these institutions will look favorably upon this very doubtful annex to their excellent work. Admirable as is their general history, we must not forget that officials of the savings-banks have been tempted and have fallen through their alliance with national banking institutions and otherwise, and they will not desire to expose themselves to farther temptations nor to undertake an alliance foreign to their purpose and involving an entirely new set of machinery. As for the depositors in the savings-banks, if a referendum could be submitted to them, it could hardly be doubted that an enormous majority would deplore any such complication with the ideal and with the practice of savings institutions.

Concerning the proposed Counter Insurance—that is to say, insurance offered at the counter without any canvass or solicitation—it is interesting to note that, while what are called industrial insurance and cooperative companies have had enormous success in England, a record of the postal savings-banks, which furnish substantially counter insurance, reveals the following record of failure:

In 1899 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 827 persons carrying insurance of	£43,723
In 1900 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 677 persons carrying insurance of	35,512
In 1901 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 920 persons carrying insurance of	44,296
In 1902 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 720 persons carrying insurance of	34,646

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In 1903 there were insured in the P.O. Banks 592 persons carrying insurance of £31,413

Of course, the expense of industrial insurance is greatly increased by the employment of collectors or canvassers; but, under proper management and supervision, some such system has a highly eleemosynary character. One of the most valued features of the work of organized charity associations is the house-to-house visiting for collection of small regular deposits for the savings-banks or for voluntary benefit funds, and it is probable that those who are insured can afford to pay and will be willing to pay for a proper method of thus handling their affairs. In the "Insurance Press" of January 30th, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, in a long argument in favor of the industrial insurance companies, has summed up with great effect the arguments derived from experience in America and in England, with an elaborate statistical presentation, of the need of individual collections of insurance premiums.

Thus it would undoubtedly be found wise and desirable in the State system to collect and canvass for the industrial or wage-earners' insurance in which small premiums are paid at short intervals, while those who desire insurance for themselves would seek the opportunity for obtaining it at a rate which would be proportionately lower in this class of insurance as the expense of agencies and solicitors is eliminated. Apart from the graft of the insurance companies, their competition has brought about a condition of things in which, as usual, consolidation looms up as the only remedy, and the alternative of public control is obviously suggested.

While Great Britain proper as yet affords no examples of state insurance, we find it developed in her colonies, where English progress is vindicating itself more distinctly than at home, and it is well established in various forms in France, Belgium and Italy, the necessities of the situation and the control required by the state having, apparently, naturally led on to nationalizing systems of insurance. The Bank of France, providing for pensions or annuities, has met great success in collective insurance in which firms insure their employees, including almost all the railways and larger mining companies and many other large industrial concerns. The system in Belgium is very similar to that in France. In Italy, the employer can even insure his civil re-

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sponsibility by making a somewhat larger payment in taking out collective insurance for his employees. In New Zealand, the state life-insurance company, according to available statistics, wrote about forty per cent. of the whole number of policies written. In December, 1904, there were outstanding 110,227 policies, representing £27,074,171. Overdue policies are automatically kept alive as long as the surrendered value is sufficient to pay a quarter's premium. Since the first establishment of the department, nearly £10,000,000 have been returned to the insured in dividends, and the success of the plan has long passed beyond the sphere of experiment.

Should we be alarmed in establishing such a system by the mere bogie of a name? In nothing would it contravene the principles of self-help and self-reliance. It would, indeed, prevent the need of that kind of help which we find it impossible to obtain and of that reliance which we find it impossible to give when we are brought up against the private administration of insurance interests. The stock company has often proved to be a chartered despoiler and the mutual company a hypocritical plunderer. It is as impossible for the individual policyholder to reach one as to reach the other; and perhaps the mutual company is the more dangerous, as it offers a form of control while holding the substance as firmly as the stock company, as recent experience has shown.

State insurance offers a security which cannot be obtained through any private corporation, even though enormous accumulations have been made by excessive premiums and deceptive plans of the private companies. The disastrous days of the failure of insurance companies in 1873 must not be forgotten. No matter how excellent the names of the founders of private corporations, they may be succeeded by the careless, the incompetent or the dishonest. The Government institution makes no profits. It offers facilities to employers who can insure their operatives without going to the expense of themselves conducting an actuarial system. It leaves the employers and employees absolutely free to make arrangements between themselves as they may think fit, while the employees' receipts are not conditional upon remaining in the service of a particular employer or dependent upon his financial ability.

The State institution, of course, would be entirely self-support-

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ing. Conducted under the civil-service rules, it should be economical and efficient; and, finally, it appeals to men of standing and weight in the community to give that kind of supervision which they have given with so much skill and devotion to the savings-banks since their foundation. It may be stated as a very just and confident belief that some method of public insurance will sooner or later be adopted in the United States. It is, perhaps, to be determined very soon whether it shall be done promptly and wisely by individual States, or whether it must come through yet more disastrous experiences of failure, dishonor and robbery, and perhaps by the seizure of the sovereign powers of the States by some usurpation of the general Government.

ERVING WINSLOW.

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THE PEOPLE AS LEGISLATORS.

BY C. W. FULTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

THE State government of Oregon more nearly approaches a pure democracy than does that of any other State of the Union. This is due to the amendment to its Constitution adopted by vote of the people in 1902, and known as the "Initiative and Referendum Amendment."

Under this provision, the "power to propose laws and amendments to the Constitution and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independent of the legislative assembly," is reserved to the people. It is provided that eight per cent. of the legal voters may, by petition filed with the Secretary of State, propose any measure desired. It is required that the petition shall include the full text of the law, and be filed not less than four months prior to the election at which the proposed law is to be voted upon. If approved by a majority of the votes cast, the measure immediately becomes a law and is not subject to the Governor's veto. Such is the initiative.

The referendum may be applied to any law enacted by the legislature, except such as are "necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety." It may be ordered by a petition signed by five per cent. of the voters, or by the legislature itself. When ordered, the measure to which it is directed does not become a law until it has been approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon.

Thus it will be seen that, excepting such constitutional limitations as are imposed on the legislative power and apply to the legislature as well, there is no limit whatever to the right or power of the people to legislate by direct enactment independently of the legislature, and but slight limit to their power to veto laws enacted by the legislative assembly.

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The first exercise of the power to initiate and enact legislation by the people was at the June election in 1904, when, by a vote of more than three to one, they enacted the direct primary law, whereby all nominations of candidates for public office, excepting school-district offices, and municipal offices in towns of less than two thousand inhabitants, are required to be made by direct vote of the people. The primary election is held and conducted almost entirely under the general election laws and, practically, in the same manner as are the regular elections, the exceptions being only such as are rendered necessary by reason of the relation of political parties thereto. The purpose being that the members of each political organization shall nominate the candidates of their respective parties; a voter is required, if he desires to participate, to cause to be entered in the registration book, at the time he registers as a voter, the name of the political party of which he is a member. A separate ballot-box is provided for the voters of each party, but the primary election is held at the same time and place for all parties, and presided over by one set of judges, who are, as well, the judges appointed to preside at the general election next ensuing.

An important and interesting feature of the direct primary law is that it expressly provides for the nomination of candidates for United States Senator. Provision is made for placing on the official ballot to be used at the election following the primary the names of all nominees, including names of nominees for Senator. It is also provided that a candidate seeking a nomination for the legislature may file in a designated office one of two statements. One of these statements is in the following terms: "I will, during my term of office, always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference." This is known as "Statement No. 1." Statement No. 2 is: "During my term of office, I shall consider the vote of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for so doing seems to me to be sufficient." If a candidate shall decline to sign either statement, his name must, nevertheless, if petitioned for, be placed on the nomination-ballot.

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The first nominating election under this law occurred in April, 1906, to nominate candidates to be voted for at the general election to be held in June of that year. A Senator in Congress was to be chosen by the legislature then to be elected. A very considerable majority of the candidates for the legislature signed Statement No. 1, and when the legislature was elected it was found that signers of that statement constituted a clear majority on joint ballot. The result was that a United States Senator from Oregon was, for the first time in many years, elected on the first ballot. It was, indeed, a most welcome change, for so bitter had been the factional differences in the Republican ranks in Oregon during the preceding twenty years that people had ceased to expect an election of a Senator to occur before the last ballot on the last night of the session; and it was always possible that there would be no election, as indeed was the case in two instances. In fact, I am confident that the bitter and long-drawn-out contests that had become the unbroken custom in Senatorial elections in Oregon contributed more than all else to arouse the people to take the matter into their own hands. Of course, the people know that the legislature cannot constitutionally be required to elect to the Senate the candidate in favor of whom they declare, but they also know that few members will care to jeopardize their political future by declining so to do. Furthermore, if a candidate for the legislature signs Statement No. 1, he is, in case of election, bound by an obligation as solemn as his oath of office to conform to it, and it is quite apparent that a candidate who signs that Statement will always occupy a much stronger position before the voters than one who declines to sign it. Consequently, we may reasonably expect that every legislature will be composed of members of whom a majority were elected on that pledge. Hence it may be said with perfect accuracy that, in Oregon, United States Senators are elected directly by the people. It is the only State in which that is done. In some others, nominations are made directly by party voters, but in no other, to my knowledge, is the nominee required to go before the people for election. At the last session of the legislature, an attempt was made to amend Statement No. 1 so that the legislative candidate's pledge would be to vote for such member of his own party as should receive the highest vote in the primary, but the amendment was not adopted.

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The serious objections to the old method of electing Senators were (1) the opportunity afforded for the corrupt use of money, and (2) the extent to which a long Senatorial contest interfered with legislative work. Under the new plan, neither of these objectional features will ever again attend the election of a Senator by an Oregon legislature. True, there is always the danger that an attempt may be made to capture the nomination and the popular vote by the lavish use of money; but such an attempt is not only more easily guarded against, but is less likely to materially influence the result, than when made on so small a body as a legislature, with so much time as usually intervenes between the election of the members and the convening of the legislature to perfect and execute plans.

The direct primary, with its many advantages, is not, however, entirely without its disadvantages. I speak of the direct primary for nomination of candidates as we have it, where it is preceded neither by a convention nor by any other representative body to suggest candidates, promulgate a declaration of party principles and promote party organization. In my judgment, the holding of such a convention in advance of the primary would be a distinct improvement and would in no wise militate against or interfere with the principles or purposes of the law. There is nothing in our primary law prohibiting such course, and I think it will eventually be adopted.

Without a preliminary convention, a poor man, particularly if he is not widely acquainted throughout the State, stands slight show of nomination for a State office, however great his merits. For, if unacquainted, he can only bring his name and merits to the attention of the voters through the newspapers and by meeting personally the voters, all of which means the expenditure of money. On the other hand, one who has money to spend may subsidize newspapers, employ workers at the polls, hire carriages to bring out the voters and thereby secure a nomination over an opponent in every respect better qualified for the office. Quite true, the influence of money cannot be entirely avoided by any system; but I believe it would be less potent were a convention held in advance of the primary election. Another objection to proceeding without the discriminating judgment and advisory influence of a convention is the danger that all nominations will go to the centres of population. Where a plurality of votes nomi-

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nates, one residing in a small town or a rural district has but a very remote chance of securing a nomination, however superior his qualifications. I am of the opinion, therefore, that our law should be amended so as to place a limit on the amount that a candidate may expend in his campaign for a nomination and as well for his election, after he has received the nomination. It is also my conviction that a convention, in advance of the primary election, should be held for the purpose, among other things, of recommending to the voters a list of candidates. It might be well to recommend, in some cases, possibly in all, two or more candidates for the same office, the voters to decide which should receive the nomination. Of course, the recommendations of the convention would not preclude any person from having his name placed on the primary ticket by petition, which is the method provided by law. In most instances, the recommendations of the convention would be ratified by the voters. The advantages of the convention would be a reasonably fair distribution of candidates geographically, a careful preliminary consideration and weighing of the merits of the several candidates by the delegates, a declaration of party principles and organization for the campaign. At the same time, knowledge of the fact that the recommendations of the convention, to be of avail, must receive the endorsement of the party voters would ensure the most careful and conscientious work on the part of the members of the convention.

Limitation of the amount a candidate may expend in his campaign for the nomination and also for election is of supreme importance to the preservation of the direct primary, in my judgment. It is a matter of common report in Oregon that the two campaigns in 1906 — namely, the one for the nomination, the other for the election—cost most of the successful candidates for State offices as much as their salaries will amount to for two years, while many who were not successful were seriously crippled financially, and I have never heard it charged that any money was employed corruptly. A continuance of conditions permitting such expenditures will operate in the future to bar from the contest some of the best qualified and most desirable men for the positions. Much of the expense now seemingly unavoidable in the campaign of a comparatively unknown candidate for a nomination would be rendered unnecessary by a convention

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such as I have suggested. Even though not widely acquainted throughout the State, his friends, knowing his qualifications, might so present them to the convention as to secure its endorsement, and that of itself would bring him prominently before the public and would largely operate as a guaranty of his fitness. It will be asked, however, "if a convention is to be held to name candidates, why send them before the people at all?" It is not proposed to clothe the convention with power to nominate, but simply with advisory power, the members of the party to finally determine who the candidates shall be. I strongly favor the retention of that feature. It insures earnest effort on the part of the convention or advisory body to select and recommend candidates whose character and qualifications will be approved by the party voters; besides, it affords an opportunity to all who are dissatisfied with the action of the convention to appeal directly to the voters, and finally it reserves to the party voters at all times the actual selection of their candidates.

During the short period of time in which the initiative and referendum amendment has been a part of our Constitution, the people have manifested a very lively disposition to exercise their power thereunder. They have, however, evidenced a conservatism and discriminating judgment both in legislating and in reviewing the work of the legislature which demonstrate that such powers may be vested in them with perfect safety to all interests.

Aside from the direct primary law, the most important enactment under the initiative is the local option law, which was proposed by petition and approved by a large majority of votes cast thereon, and thereby became a law.

The general appropriation bill enacted by the legislature at the January session in 1905 was, by petition, held up under the referendum, and referred to the voters and passed on by them at the June election in 1906. By a very decisive majority, the action of the legislature was approved.

So far there has been no attempt to enact unusual or extreme legislation on any subject under the initiative. On the contrary, our experience thus far tends to indicate that, as legislators, the people are fully as conservative and considerate of private and corporate rights as are their representatives in legislative assemblies.

C. W. FULTON.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY JAMES HUNEKER, ALVAN F. SANBORN, CLAYTON HAMILTON AND H. W. BOYNTON.

A CRITIC OF THE SEVEN ARTS.*

WALTER PATER wrote the following in the "Guardian," 1887, about "An Introduction to the Study of Browning": "We find in Mr. Symons the thoughtful and practised, yet enthusiastic, student in literature—in intellectual problems; always quiet and sane, praising Mr. Browning with tact, with a real refinement and grace, saying well many things which every competent reader of the great poet must feel to be true; devoting to the subject he loves a critical gift so considerable as make us wish for a work from his hands of larger scope." Arthur Symons, the critic in question, was only twenty-two years of age when Pater said these things of him, things both truthful and prophetic, for he has since written books of larger scope; and, notwithstanding the appearance of numerous studies of Browning, his introduction remains the best commentary upon that poet's works.

Symons is an amateur of the Seven Arts. Browning, himself, said as much. He loves the fine arts, and he relates his love in that slow, elaborate prose of his, though never submerging his ideas in the richness of his diction — as some of

* "An Introduction to the Study of Browning." By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Cities." By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Spiritual Adventures." By Arthur Symons. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
"The Fool of the World, and Other Poems." By Arthur Symons. London: William Heinemann.
"Studies in the Seven Arts." By Arthur Symons. London: Constable & Co.
"Poems in Prose." Translated from Baudelaire, by Arthur Symons. London: Elkin Mathews.

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his critics would have us believe. Symons is first the critic; his mastery of a supple and harmonious style but adds to our general enjoyment of his work. We may not always agree with his judgment; there is no particular reason why we should; but we cannot fail to admire their presentation, the simplicity of his methods of exposition, the marshalling of his arguments, or the persuasive glow which suffuses his appreciation of masterpieces. Mr. Symons never argues, never raises his voice. His theory of criticism, like Renan's, is that it should be a valuation of forces, not an examination with marks and prizes. In the vast and shrill concert of contemporary literary polemics, the voice of Arthur Symons is the "still small" one. It is easily distinguishable because of the purity and sweetness of its *timbre,* like that of some rich-toned violin. His books of verse and criticism are much read to-day; they will bulk largely in the critical consciousness of the future. His lucidity, above all the temper he brings to bear upon his work, lend his writing a quality of distinction.

Little need to praise anew the study of Browning. It was reprinted by general request. I happen to possess a first edition, and its ragged appearance is proof that it has been studied by many friends, and always reluctantly returned. The American edition of "Cities" also became a necessity, for the book is of a rare charm. It has won words of praise from so fastidious a critic as Mr. Howells, and, while it is a variation on the Stendhal theme—of whose cosmopolitanism Maurice Barrès is a latter-day exponent—yet Mr. Symons's note is his own; not to state the obvious fact that he writes exquisitely, and that Stendhal did not. Rome, Venice, Naples, Seville, Prague, Moscow, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia and Constantinople are traversed and exposed for us by a temperament at once subtle and impressionistic. To write something new about the Venice of Canaletto, Guardi, Whistler, Ruskin, Barrès and d'Annunzio is in itself a feat. There is no hint of that abominable verbal chemistry called "word painting"; yet the picture arises to the level of your eyes, and the soul of the landscape is evoked. Indeed, "Evocations" might have been a better title than "Cities."

We are not here particularly concerned with Mr. Symons as a poet. His achievements in verse have aroused both the ire and the ardor of English critics. He has been admired. He has

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been abused. In these things he does not differ from any young man of individual gifts. He has voice, vision, temperament. He is supersubtle, wayward, disdainful and other-worldly. His is not the ambition to conduct the orchestra; only a particular happy handling of one of its choirs is his — let us say the wood-wind; the native wood-note wild we may not hear from him; but, unless we greatly err, this poet of London nights and sights is in spiritual evolution. His soul is more responsive to the undertones of Nature, to the faint music of humanity. "The Fool of the World" is an exercise in Morality writing. It is sincere and effective, as far as a rehabilitation of such a form can be. But there is no mistaking the temper of the forms which comprise the rest of the book. They strike sharply upon eye and ear. Their range is wide, their workmanship admirable. And their final appeal, after sound and vision have been flooded, is the appeal intellectual. An idea lies at the bottom of each of these finely chased cups offered by the poet. Poison, too, is not absent, the venom of love and life and death. One may, without greatly straining the intelligence, see that Mr. Symons is a poet who occasionally writes criticism. Doubtless if he had his way he would never pen anything but verse.

In "Spiritual Adventures" we catch new glimpses of his spirit, ever curious of the rare, ever intolerant of mediocrity. These prose arabesques contain some of his most imaginative inventions. There is Esther Kahn, the English Jewess, who has hitherto failed to carry her audiences with her in the theatre — because she has not loved? No; but because, after loving, she was tortured by desertion. Jealousy, hatred were the springs that lent wings to her art. In Christian Trevalga we have a melomaniac intelligible to those who have peered over the thither side of music and descried its potentialities for fantasy, despair, madness. Christian is own brother to several of Pater's young men—Sebastian van Storck, Duke Carl, even of Denys—in at least one trait. He is a man for whom the visible world is tone. He is become an ear. His soul shudders at the impact of daily life because his soul only hears; the progress of a mania, a spiritual mania, is delicately indicated. Robert Schumann heard one tone that at last drove him into the river and the madhouse. Trevalga *sees* a Chopin étude as boiling gray smoke on the open top of his piano. "Forever in the trapeze of sound" before the public his nerves had been

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eaten away by sound. There are dream-pictures of Venice and the dissections of various souls; but the masterpiece of the series—to my notion—is called "The Death of Peter Waydelin," being the sordid story of an artist's life. Peter paints as other men eat or drink. It is instinctive. He is so enamored of form and color that he sets out to limn the world. Only, he must live before he paints life. And life slays him. It recalls one of Toulouse-Lautrec's pictures. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the stage (drama, acting, pantomime, scenery, costume, lighting) and—separate from these—dancing. This scheme of Mr. Symons is catholic enough; he awards the interpreter equal palms with the creator—one is impossible without the other. It smites the ear, this assertion that acting is a fine art. It has been the fashion of late years to decry the mimic arts. Here they are given their due. Like Mallarmé, Symons loves the Ballet form. His essays on Rodin, Gustave Moreau, Watts, Whistler—full of personal reminiscences—cathedrals, Beethoven, the ideas of Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss, a new art of the stage, a symbolist farce, the painting of the nineteenth century, are individually interesting; the study of Duse is fascinating. He also considers the decay of craftsmanship in England. Naturally, the present writer does not subscribe to Symons's views of Strauss and his music. Nor can he admire the cavalier treatment to which Symons recently subjected Ibsen as poet and dramatist in one of the English quarterlies. Criticism of music is, setting aside musical training and aptitudes, largely a matter of individual likes and dislikes. I may not like Brahms; but I must not abuse Brahms until I study him. Mr. Symons does not like Richard Strauss, though he has heard him. Perhaps the novelty of the musical idiom has no meaning for him. I do not accept his judgment as final. Strauss may be cerebral, but the composer of the tone-poems and Salomé—a creation of that most precious quality in music, ecstasy, an extraordinary contribution to music-drama, certainly a new blazoning in the path of music—must be given as profound study as was given the work of Wagner. And the appreciation of Richard Wagner was not created in a day. As for Ibsen, one may see in Mr. Symons's attitude the not unnatural exasperation of the poet for whom form counts as well as content. Ibsen the poet is still *terra incognita* to us. He has not

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been adequately translated. As the Swedish-American writer Edwin Björkman truly says: "The Englished Ibsen is an Ibsen with the color absent. Plot and thought cannot be killed, but of the lustre, of the sheen as of shifting silks, not a trace is to be found." Can Ibsen be translated—we mean the early poems and dramas? Mr. Herford accomplished almost a miracle with "Brand," and the insurmountable difficulties of "Peer Gynt" have been assailed by William Archer, who acknowledges his partial failure. Mr. Symons, as a translator of the difficult Baudelaire (the first since Stuart Merrill's in "Pastels in Prose") must feel that Ibsen, except in the original, has not been accorded his poetic due. I fancy it is the lyric flatness of the themes in the social dramas that repels the poet in Symons. He is a romantic —therefore a "suspect" in this thrice-dusty domain of sociology. Mr. Symons might easily say: Let the Shaws bury the Ibsens; for me, a Pegasus, not a pulpit!

If I confess that I like the poet as much as the critic in the critical work of Arthur Symons, it will not offend him, though it may convey an opposite meaning to the one intended. He has personality, charm, erudition, and I hope that he will write more poetry. What better luck can one wish him? After all, isn't criticism a dusty duty? Mr. Henry James put the case squarely —a critic *hors ligne* himself—when, in dealing with Ivan Turgenev, he said: "He — Turgenev — gave me the impression of thinking of criticism as most serious workers think of it—that it is the amusement, the exercise, the subsistence of the critic (and, so far as this goes, of immense use); but that though it may often concern other readers, it does not much concern the artist himself."

Which jewel of verity I respectfully submit to Mr. Symons, framed with my vague words of praise and censure.

JAMES HUNEKER.

"THE QUEST."*

DR. FREDERICK VAN EEDEN is a personage of the most varied talents, interests and activities. He is one of the leading nerve specialists of Holland, and, as such, has published many monographs on subjects connected with psycho-therapeutics, psychical

* "The Quest." By Frederick van Eeden. Translation from the Dutch by L. W. C. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

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research, hypnotism and spiritism. He is the author of numerous essays upon literature and art. He is a sociologist, or rather, a social philosopher, who has formulated the results of his studies in volumes of which the best known probably is "The Happy World." He is a dramatist who has produced several comedies which have proved playable, and at least one tragedy. He is a novelist, one of whose novels known in English as "The Deeps of Deliverance," has been denominated "the confessions of a *fin de siècle* Augustine." He is a poet, both lyric and didactic. He is also a journalist; he established "The Pioneer," which is devoted to the practical solution of the social problem, and helped to establish "The New Guide," which is the recognized organ of the younger writers of Holland. Finally, he is a practical social reformer; the founder of Walden, an interesting communistic colony in which he toils in the fields *à la* Tolstoi, and of "The Society for the Collective Possession of Land," which now has half a dozen settlements and several thousand members.

In 1903 van Noppen, after characterizing Dr. van Eeden as "the most distinguished of modern Dutch writers," said: "Van Eeden, Kloos, van Deyssel and Verwey . . . attempted to found a new literature. . . . To this revolutionary movement Holland owes several remarkable poems, and also some novels of no mean significance. Among these, the productions of van Eeden are easily the most popular. Kloos, it is true, far surpasses him in the sonnet. Verwey is more virile and dramatic, while van Deyssel is his master in criticism; but van Eeden is universal, and that lifts him above comparison with his Dutch contemporaries."

Dr. van Eeden has been much read and admired in Germany, where many of the critics proclaim him "easily the first" of the representatives of the modern spirit in "the low countries."

"The Quest," which was published in its completed form* in Germany (for political reasons), has been lauded, in both Germany and Holland, as it falls to the lot of few books to be lauded in a generation. It has been characterized as "a masterpiece with which nothing in the whole literature of the world can be compared"; as "the most universal novel ever written," etc., etc. It has been pronounced "as interesting as the best of Tolstoi, as

* "The Quest" consists of three parts, the first of which appeared as far back as 1885.

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subtle as Maeterlinck, as profound as Shakespeare." It has been called "a new Pilgrim's Progress," "a new Bible" even.

It is a delight to record such ecstatic enthusiasm. It would be a greater delight to share it. But, alas! It is not given to all of us to taste these unadulterated joys.

The plot of "The Quest," shorn of all accessories and reduced to its simplest terms, is as follows:

A little Dutch boy, Johannes, makes the acquaintance of the fairy Windekind and flies away with him to fairyland. Windekind introduces him to Wistik, a goblin, who is a tireless seeker after knowledge. Johannes soon leaves Windekind to search for knowledge. In the course of his search he falls under the domination of the manikin, Pluizer, who reveals to him all the miseries and horrors of human life, even taking him, with an earthworm for guide, through the rotting coffins of a cemetery. He witnesses his father's death, and then fights and vanquishes Pluizer, who is about to use a dissecting-knife upon the body. Windekind reappears and calls to Johannes to follow him across the sea into the sunset. Johannes is about to do so, when a strange being comes to him calmly walking on the waters. This being (the Christ) gradually assumes the form of one Markus Vis, an itinerant scissors-grinder. Johannes lives and works for a while with Markus, and, through him, becomes very friendly with a little circus girl named Marjon. He is discovered one day, however, by his aunt Seréna, a forehanded woman renowned for her piety, who persuades him to live with her. Wistik revisits Johannes and takes him on a one-night excursion to Phrygia, where he introduces him to Pan. Markus is arrested for talking back in church to Aunt Seréna's dominie, but is released and disappears. Then Johannes, having wearied of his comfortable humdrum existence with his aunt, leaves her and returns to his little circus friend Marjon. Marjon disguises herself as a boy, and the pair set out together in quest of Markus. They visit Germany, supporting themselves there by singing songs of their own composition in the cafés. Wistik takes Johannes on another excursion, this time to witness the burial of Pan. At this ceremony Johannes finds Markus. Johannes is befriended by an English countess, who invites him to visit her in England. Flattered by the invitation, he forsakes his companion Marjon and the newly found Markus. Boylike, he soon conceives for the countess

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an unrequited passion. The latter, during a sojourn at a Dutch watering-place (where Marjon, who is fiercely jealous, serves her for a short time as maid), becomes a convert to Catholicism, and urges Johannes to end his quest by connecting himself with that Church. While the two are at mass, Markus appears at the altar, denounces the priest and smashes the big crucifix. Markus is committed to an insane asylum, from which, however, he is soon released. Johannes leaves the countess and rejoins Markus and Marjon. Markus interrupts the ceremony of the Queen's marriage with a denunciatory harangue. He is seized by the police, is mauled *en route* to the station-house by a mob, and dies in a hospital of his wounds. Johannes and Marjon marry, resolved to devote their lives to continuing the work of Markus.

"The Quest" has many beautiful, moving and profound pages. It abounds in clever, caustic satire. It is instinct with an unaffected love of Nature, its sympathetic descriptions of the dunes and dikes of Holland being as fine, probably, as anything that has ever been done in this line. It contains genre pictures of Dutch village life, and of the ways of strolling mountebanks, which partake somewhat of the spirit of the old Dutch painters. The underground excursion of Johannes among the putrefying corpses attains the very acme of the horrible. The reckless fight of this same Johannes for the dead body of his father is thrilling to the point of positive pain. The portrayal of the anguish of Nature over the death of Pan is grandiose in the original, good sense of the word. The anathematizing by Markus, from the steps of the high altar, of the priest who is about to officiate there is genuinely and powerfully dramatic. Finally, the murder of Markus by an enraged populace is an admirable presentation of the psychology of the mob.

Unfortunately, these sterling qualities of "The Quest" are practically nullified by an all too obvious straining after encyclopædic comprehensiveness and completeness. The work is marred by a lamentable absence of that sense of proportion without which an ambitious literary undertaking, whatever other qualities it may possess, cannot be really great. Weary wastes of long-drawn-out commonplace separate the brilliant and beautiful passages. Pages of puerile, pottering, pedantic dialogue that might have stepped out of a Rollo book discourage the interest. The result is a work diffuse and discursive—not to say sprawling—and obscure.

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Into "The Quest," which he has been twenty years in bringing to completion, Dr van Eeden has crammed most of his thoughts about most of the multifarious subjects which have interested him during this long period. It contains a good deal of Pantheism, a good deal of non-resistant Anarchism, a dash of Spiritism, and, by way of social prophecy, a stilted, unengaging Utopia. It reeks with allegories, parables, apologues, dreams, visions, telepathic manifestations and trances. Some of its characters are wholly human, others wholly superhuman, and still others alternately human and superhuman. Altogether it is a bizarre and bewildering collocation of the normal and the abnormal, the natural and the miraculous, the real and the ideal.

A mixture of this sort may possess a savory unity for the peoples of certain countries, as does the fearfully and wonderfully made *bouillabaisse* for the Marseillais; but it is very much to be doubted whether the United States is one of these countries. However little Latin we may be in most other respects, we Americans are unequivocally Latin in this that we can develop little enthusiasm for that literature of deliberate and wilful obscurity which they have labelled in Paris "the fog of the North."

"The Quest," therefore, is scarcely calculated to create a cult for Dutch letters in this country. And if Dr. van Eeden and the new school of which he is the acknowledged head are really all that their admirers claim them to be, it is greatly to be regretted that we should be forced to judge him and it by a work which is so distinctly antipathetic to our national temperament.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

"RALPH WALDO EMERSON."*

THE brief monograph on Emerson which Professor George Edward Woodberry has contributed to the English Men of Letters Series is more serviceable to the student than any previous biography or criticism, because it expounds Emerson from the inside out instead of from the outside in. Biographers and critics hitherto have rambled all around the circumference of Emerson, with eyes lured wondering toward his shining centre;

* "Ralph Waldo Emerson." By George Edward Woodberry. English Men of Letters Series. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

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but Professor Woodberry pierces to the centre of the poet's mind and thence looks forth with thought that radiates. His biography is not a record of works and days; it is not a pleasant assemblage of personalities; it is the natural history of a great mind, the exposition of a beautiful soul. Only four pages are used to summarize the events of seventeen years, from the close of the Civil War to Emerson's death in 1882: the method of this biography is not narrative but expository. Rare indeed in literature is the understanding of one mind by another; yet in this book the understanding seems complete. We are taken into the mind of Emerson; we live in it, and feel it grow, and with it yearn into expression. Emerson's thought has never before been so clearly and completely exhibited; and therefore this brief critical biography supplants all its predecessors in the field.

It supplants them all, in spite of the fact that it is abstract, whereas Cabot's (for example) is concrete, and impersonal, whereas Holmes's (for example) is personal. The understanding of Emerson's mind that we derive from it, abstract and impersonal though it be, explains to us for the first time many things. It explains that inability of Emerson's to sympathize with other modes of thinking than his own which kept him isolate, in spite of his amiability and his determined and continued effort to engage in the workaday concerns of his fellow townsmen. It explains why Emerson, although he was the very incarnation of New England Transcendentalism, remained perforce aloof from the practical reforms attempted by his fellow Transcendentalists. It explains his incapacity for ordinary human friendship, his lack of reverence for historical authority, and his underestimate of art and science. It explains that essential subjectivity of Emerson's poems which, more than his defective utterance in verse, has kept them illegible to the casual man. It explains for the first time adequately how (as Matthew Arnold said, less truthfully, of Shakespeare) "self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, he walked on earth unguessed at."

Professor Woodberry does not analyze; he synthesizes. He patterns order out of the chaos of Emerson's multitudinous imaginings. He accomplishes what Emerson himself despaired of: he reveals a system—clear, compact, and in most ways self-consistent—beneath the darts and indirections of the poet's moral mind. Emerson's message is here for the first time formulated.

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Starting from the poet's central intuition—"I am; therefore God is"—the critic, with Cartesian clearness, expounds the interrelation of his dominant ideas and pursues them to their practicalization in his stimulating counsels. The mental feat of this accomplishment is a marvel of constructive criticism.

The only defect of Professor Woodberry's critical constructiveness is a corollary of its excellence. Herein the law of compensation shows itself inexorable. Emerson's mind was unusual in this: it was great *because of* its lack of system,—not *in spite of* it. It was not a reasonable mind; it was intuitional. Its workings were Hebraic, not Hellenic. Reduce his thoughts to order, and you disrobe him of his shining vestments. A first-rate Hebrew prophet becomes a second-rate Greek philosopher. When Matthew Arnold lectured in America, he said of Emerson: "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined into a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systemize them would be less impressive than Emerson." These words set forth the only adverse criticism that may be advanced against Professor Woodberry's truly admirable study.

If it seem too subtly paradoxical to suggest that a greater service might have been rendered to readers of Emerson by a critic who did not understand him so completely, the writer of this review can offer only the excuse that he agrees with Emerson that in contemplating spiritual truths abandonment and ecstasy of mind are wiser than the sweet reasonableness that Matthew Arnold was wont to praise. Professor Woodberry's study is a triumph of sweet reasonableness; but it is planned without abandonment and executed without ecstasy. "I own," the critic says, "that I have little intellectual sympathy with him in any way." Sympathy is the only thing that is lacking in this reasoned synthesis of Emerson's ejaculations; but, in the presence of a great mind, sympathy is more to be desired than understanding.

"Many things," said Sir Thomas Browne, "are true in divinity which are neither inducible by reason nor confirmable by sense." Many of the radiant thoughts of Emerson are not in-

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ducible by reason. To formulate his message is to rob him of his truth. The intellect alone cannot comprehend the mysteries of the spirit,—or what's religion for? Emerson's message was not philosophical, but religious. Professor Woodberry's biography is not religious, but philosophical. By all means let us be grateful for a study so satisfying to the intellect. Let us use it as a chart of the heavens wherein the thoughts of Emerson are set as stars. Let us not forget that it is the stars themselves that have the only real existence and that the cosmography upon whose threads we string them is merely a figment of abstraction.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"ABELARD AND HELOISE."*

WE have heard a good deal of late concerning a general revival of interest in poetic plays which is supposed to be taking place, or about to take place. It cannot be denied that the signs of some such movement have multiplied rapidly during the past year or two. Never have actual attempts to present such plays been so largely encouraged by American theatregoers. The box-office is no longer so emphatic in its verdict against poetry; and the box-office is in the nature of things the court of last appeal. The twenty per cent. of playgoers whom Mr. Gosse some time ago postulated as not disposed to take their theatre simply as a dose of morphia or a glass of champagne, really seems inclined to assert itself. Only a few poetic plays in English have actually been produced so far, and they have not set the world on fire. But they have been worth hearing, and they have been heard with a readiness which speaks well for the future. It means, for one thing, the decline of the closet drama, that melancholy refuge of defeated heroics. The drama is for the stage. Even if you are of those who had rather read a play than see it presented, your interest in it turns upon its actable quality. You simply prefer to be your own stage-manager, your own actor or group of actors, your own scene-painter and property man; and to produce plays for yourself upon the complaisant boards of your own mind. If the play is not fit to be acted the chances are you read it as poetry, not as drama, unless, as sometimes happens, your closet play fills for you a kind of left-handed dramatic function by sug-

* "Abelard and Heloise." By Ridgely Torrence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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gesting the true play which it is not. It would be a deplorable thing if so tenuous a relation between English poetry and the stage were to prove their sole relation.

Mr. Ridgley Torrence's "El Dorado," published some years ago, was a play of somewhat dubious type. My own impression was that in spite of its numerous settings (certain to trouble a modern manager with his elaborate methods) the thing was actable. It seemed to me to have a true dramatic vigor of conception and execution: a fine romantic theme, a steadily progressing acting and comparatively few touches of poetry for poetry's sake. This is to say that I found much true poetry in it, since verse had obviously not been chosen as vehicle, but had presented itself as the natural means of expression. The resulting blank verse was of singular merit, not less remarkable for its freedom from Shakespeare and other echoes than for its individual force. Even its most lyrical passages have a breathless intensity which seems to hasten rather than impede the action:

> "Her eyes blind me. Her breath bereaves my lips.
> Her hands have made mine feeble in her presence.
> Her silences have drenched me with all music.
> The faintest, tenderest stirring of her voice
> Makes mute my own. Her hair has made this desert
> A shadowed place alive with bloom. Her brow
> Has awed me like some symbol of the sky.—
>
> "The images of seas of fire and snow
> Pent in the colors of her blood and flesh,
> Drown me." . . .

Poetry like this is not a promise, but an achievement. The dramatic unction of the whole performance led one to feel that it was a true product of inspiration, that it had written itself through Mr. Torrence. Of his "Abelard and Heloise," but now published, this is hardly to be felt. Reluctantly, very reluctantly, I must admit that it seems to me in nearly every respect inferior to its forerunner.

It is evident, to be sure, that it has been written with an eye to stage production. There is a single setting for each of its four acts, and details of practical "business" have been carefully studied. So far as form is concerned the play might be easily presentable. We may speak of it, therefore, as a thing acted, not written. For a heroic drama which takes place before us on a

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stage, real or imaginary, the theme is impossible. The Cenci motive is infinitely more eligible, for the tragic figure of the unhappy Beatrice is unmarred by any tinge of pathos. The unmitigated horror of her fate has its own dramatic dignity. The Abelard-Heloise legend, on the other hand, is ruined for dramatic purposes by the character of the catastrophe.

The Tristram-Yseult motive has always seemed to me unfit for treatment as a tragic theme; when the lovers become irresponsible through the adventitious means of a love potion, I cease to be interested in them save as objects of pity. Still, they are human, they are capable of becoming responsible once more. When Abelard ceases to be a man and becomes a thing, I see the pathos of the situation, especially from Heloise's point of view; but so far as tragic interest is concerned he has simply ceased to exist. The element of bathos is, in the end, more strongly felt than the element of pathos. Brutal as the fact may be, it is a fact that since the world began the eunuch has been a thing of scorn even more than a thing of pity.

The first act of the play moves heavily or, at best, with an artificial lightness. The machinery by means of which the desired speaker is brought into the centre of the stage at the convenient moment is unfortunately obvious; and the apparatus of grisettes, students, burghers and other talking supernumeraries creaks somewhat in the working. The intrigue between Abelard, Master of the School of Nôtre Dame, and Heloise, niece of the Canon of Nôtre Dame, is discovered. In the second act Heloise has been remanded to her uncle's villa at Corbeil. Abelard, by his father's death, has become a wealthy noble. He determines to give up his scholarly ambition and marry Heloise. She, believing that he owes himself to the world, refuses, since marriage would debar him from the high preferment which he has a right to expect. The uncle, after ascertaining the amount of Abelard's wealth, urges her to marry him, but she is firm. Abelard sets out for Paris. Fulbert, the Canon, is at this point left alone with three of his henchmen.

FULBERT. Lost! Sixty thousand guilders and the name!
He suddenly beckons to his three henchmen.
Approach!
He points to Abelard's retreating figure.
Mark that pale pestilence going there,

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For this disease is all of his infection.

With frantic questioning.

The cure?

A HENCHMAN, *insidiously.* When a man's life is tedious to you,
Then end it.

FULBERT. Faugh! That's Mercy's sedative.

He muses, then with fiendish cunning suddenly looks up.

I have it! Ah! The man—but not the life!

He draws the men closer and they whisper together.

And with that the play ends for me, as a play, with a very strong act, which is approached in quality by nothing that comes before or after. There remains the pathos of Heloise's loveless after-life, the unquenched womanhood of her continually crying out for the cold presence of her former lover. In interpreting this single character and situation Mr. Torrence does all that may be hoped for. But the cause and character of her bereavement remain in the end adventitious and unheroic.

Nor can it be said that the poet's style has changed for the better. There is a general air of strain; his metaphors frequently pall before he is done with them, and his metre has a way of being so free as to be crabbed. I am by no means a stickler for the decasyllabic line. For speaking purposes there is much to be said for short lines, and for lines in which a pause takes the place of a syllable. But my ear does revolt at such measures as this, which Mr. Stephen Phillips has made popular:

> "Plato out of the air
> Will brighten. And royal doom-red Babylon
> Rise in the twilight out of a dove's throat.
> In a heaved sea-wave you shall see blue Tyre
> Built and destroyed again."

I cling to the notion that proper English blank verse is iambic, not dactylic, and that a perversion of accent such as "out of a dove's throat" ought to be very rarely practised. When it comes to:

> "Ah, I am not that dark river itself"—

I find difficulty in recognizing any sort of metre whatever. Yet there are noble lines to be found, and not a few of them; as in one of Abelard's final speeches to Heloise:

> "A little longer your unquiet soul
> Will swim through its rough dreams, until at last
> It beaches on the dawn and finds its path."

H. W. BOYNTON.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: ST. PETERSBURG.

BERLIN, *April, 1907.*

THE few weeks of the session which preceded the Easter adjournment did not afford the new Reichstag many practical opportunities of giving a taste of its quality. Prince von Bülow's majority, composed of Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals, is theoretically master of the situation. The Centre, however, with a representation of 110 members out of 397, is sufficiently conscious of its strength and unanimity to be able to offer an effective opposition by merely assuming an attitude of passive resistance. The presence of this compact organization is not only inconvenient, but also extremely disquieting, to the Government, since it constitutes a permanent temptation to the weaker vessels among the majority to threaten defection unless their party claims are duly recognized. Thus upon several occasions the Radicals, whose fifty seats enable them to act as the tongue of the balance of parties in the House, have detached themselves from their Conservative and Liberal allies in order to throw their votes into the scale of opposition. No vital issues, it is true, have so far been involved; but the attitude of the Radicals is none the less significant, since it shows that they are prepared to pursue their own way, undeterred by considerations of Government policy. Even now it is evident that the controversial problems of legislation which await solution in the autumn are causing the Imperial Chancellor to view the future with considerable concern. The Radicals are seemingly impressed with the importance of the position which they occupy, and they have not been slow to formulate demands the fulfilment of which they consider to be due to their altered circumstances. The Conservatives, to whom the Radicals in many instances owe their success at the polls,

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are naturally disinclined to encourage or support them in pressing their claims upon the notice of the Government. The left wing of the Conservative party, which aspires to be the connecting link between the Right and the non-Socialist Left, endeavors as far as possible to exert a moderating influence, but so far the efforts of the Free-Conservatives have met with little or no reward. The views on economic policy which are held by the Agrarian Conservatives are diametrically opposed to the principles which the Radicals have hitherto professed, and there seems but slight prospect of a profitable or even possible reconciliation of these widely differing points of view. Political compromises are notoriously unsatisfying, and there is no reason to believe that either the Radicals or the Conservatives would derive any permanent advantage from a complete or partial abandonment of material principles.

The debates have been conducted in much the same spirit in which the recent election campaign was fought, and the attitude of the various parties towards the Centre is distinguished by the same animosity which led to the *Bloc* vote of December 13th. The Radicals and the National Liberals, and in a less degree the Conservatives, are animated by a common desire to isolate the Centre, although the Radicals have shown that upon occasion they are capable of giving play to their political ambitions, irrespective of considerations of Parliamentary tactics. The Conservatives again are far too much in sympathy with the principles and traditions of the Centre to display uncompromising hostility towards a party which is still entitled to be regarded as an essential pillar of the existing order of society. In the face of this open and covert opposition, the Centre remains impassive. This waiting attitude on the part of the Centre may be fraught with some curious results. How long it will be able to play the part of the spectator depends, in large measure, upon the extent to which Prince von Bülow may be induced to give effect to his programme of social reform. Indications have already been afforded of a readiness on the part of the Centre to emerge from its reserve with proposals of its own. This, of course, is an inevitable concession to the democratic elements in its composition. Upon these occasions, the *Bloc* majority has hitherto been at pains to secure the rejection of the Centre's proposals, or to force upon the Government social schemes even

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more "liberal" than those advanced by the Opposition. In those quarters in which too far-reaching developments in the sphere of social legislation are deprecated, the Parliamentary situation arouses manifold anxieties. The dissensions with which the Government *Bloc* has to contend in its own ranks are reflected, in a less acute degree, in the attitude of the various sections of the Centre among themselves; but, in the latter case, the difficulty of maintaining an unbroken front is not allowed to become so apparent. In reality the competition of the parties resolves itself into the attempts of two *Blocs* to impair each other's cohesion and stability. The Centre, however, is kept together by traditional bonds, which, in the case of the Government majority, are either entirely absent, or, if present, are supplied by purely adventitious considerations of expediency.

As a Parliamentary factor, the Social Democracy, in consequence of its heavy defeat at the elections, has become an almost negligible quantity. No party can afford to lose fifty per cent. of its seats in the national assembly without incurring a serious loss of prestige, not only in the country, but also among its own members. Divisions and dissensions are rife between the Revisionist and the Revolutionary wings of the Socialists, and the tactics of the party leaders are freely criticised. The controversy has been kept within strictly academic limits and its issue must for a long time remain undecided. It would, therefore, be going too far to say, or even to expect, that the day is at hand when the Revisionists will cast about for means of taking a positive and recognized share in the work of legislation. Whether the aspirations which are attributed to them, of becoming the extreme left wing of the Radical party, are capable of realization depends entirely upon the following which they are able to command. At present there are no signs of anything approaching a split in the ranks of the Social Democracy, and there is no doubt that Herr Bebel has intervened between the opposing factions with his usual authority. Those who profess to derive consolation from the fact that the Parliamentary representation of the Social Democracy has been very materially reduced appear to forget that the actual number of votes polled for the party at the elections showed a considerable increase. Thoughtful observers are disturbed by the reflection that, in process of time, this large body of electors may feel that its interests are not being adequately

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represented, and in order to ventilate the grievances of the laboring masses may resort to the dreaded, if two-edged, weapon of the general strike. This consideration is undoubtedly present in the minds of many social reformers, but it is at least questionable whether indirect pressure of this kind furnishes the best incentive for promoting the cause which they profess to have at heart.

Complicated as the relations between the parties in the Empire are, the issue becomes positively confused when it is remembered that, in Prussia, the premier state of the federation, Prince von Bülow, who is at once Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Minister-President, is endeavoring to conduct his policy with the assistance of the Centre which he has excommunicated in the Reichstag. This dualism, however, is merely one of the side aspects of the situation, although it is perfectly capable of assuming an important shape in one or other of Prince von Bülow's spheres of activity. In all matters affecting the Army and Navy, and the Colonies, as well as in foreign policy, the Government is sanguine that the *Bloc* majority will prove trustworthy. There are, however, a number of questions in the domain of social and economic policy, the discussion of which is likely to impose a severe strain upon the loyalty of the *Bloc*. These questions, moreover, are far more serious from the Government point of view than purely patriotic issues, however "national" they may be, since the Centre is by no means opposed in principle to supporting demands for strengthening the defences of the Empire, but has merely vindicated the right of Parliamentary criticism.

The most urgent of the controversial questions is undoubtedly the reform of the Bourse Law of 1896. This law is essentially a class measure, and owes its enactment chiefly to the interested agitation of the Agrarians. Its most important provisions are those which restrict or altogether prohibit transactions in differences. The appointment of a State Commissary for the Bourse under the Act represents one of the most characteristic expressions of the doctrines of State Socialism which were so much in vogue in Germany during the last decade or two of the nineteenth century. A further innovation introduced by the Act was the institution of a Bourse register, in which the names of all those who transact stock business on 'Change have to be entered. The object of these restrictions was to prevent gambling

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speculations especially on the part of officers and officials. The net result of these restrictions, however, has been to compel German capital to seek a field for its activity abroad, to the detriment of the home market. In a country like Germany, where lotteries are promoted and encouraged by the State, purely paternal regulations of this kind in the case of one of the most important organs of the national economy savor strongly of the grotesque. The measure has always been regarded as a one-sided concession to Agrarian prejudices against purely commercial and industrial interests. Repeated but unavailing efforts have been made by successive Reichstags to mitigate the evils of this systematic restriction. The defective power of resistance which the Bourse exhibited in the face of the recent great crisis on the American railway-market in March has revived the agitation. The migration of German capital to foreign countries in search of profitable investments has reduced the Bourse to a position of dependence upon international constellations. It has, moreover, repeatedly been observed that the inherent weakness of the Berlin Bourse has in its turn given a fresh impetus to downward movements in Wall Street, while the Bourse laws, which have been responsible for the instability of the market, have at the same time been the primary cause of the high Bank rate in Germany. And so the vicious circle has been completed. In this connection attention may be drawn to the steady process of amalgamation which has been in progress in the German banking world, and the imminent disappearance of the smaller banking institutions, with results which have not been altogether beneficent in their influence upon the money-market. Universal as the scarcity and tightness of money have undoubtedly become, it is certain that Germany, with her disorganized finances, her lavish investments abroad and her restrictive Bourse legislation, has not only been responsible for her own financial difficulties, but has also contributed in large measure to the present condition of the international money-market.

Nearly all parties in Germany are agreed that a strong Bourse is a vital necessity from the political and military point of view, as well as upon purely economic grounds. But no two sections of opinion can be found to coincide when it comes to discussing the scope of the proposed reforms. The increased strength of the Agrarian element in the new Reichstag is not calculated to ren-

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der the Conservatives more inclined to entertain any proposals for the unconditional repeal of the present restrictions upon Bourse business. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that they may be willing to cooperate in the work of revising the Bourse laws if the clauses in restraint of speculative operations in corn and mill products are left untouched. The German Agricultural Council has already expressed itself in this sense, and Prince von Bülow, while laying stress upon the necessity for a strong and healthy Bourse, has intimated his fundamental sympathy with the attitude of the Agrarians. The lines upon which an eventual compromise between the Conservatives and the Liberals may ultimately be effected are by no means assured. The Conservatives will certainly not consent to the abolition of the Bourse register, although it is suggested that they may so far modify their attitude as to acquiesce in transactions in differences, provided that in the case of non-professional speculators who are not on the register a security is deposited for settlement purposes, beyond the amount of which the creditor in the transaction cannot recover. Some expedient of this kind would satisfy the Agrarians, but whether it would prevent the outflow of capital from Germany is, to say the least, questionable. Authoritative critics, however, are inclined provisionally to accept a compromise of this kind in order as far as possible to give Prince von Bülow his chance of "mating the Conservative with the Liberal spirit." Nevertheless, even this compromise is still far from being acceptable to both parties, and a long time must elapse before the issue of the conflict between the two opposing interests has been determined. Meanwhile, the official Bourse commissary has been sent on a mission to the various foreign capitals in order to study local conditions and to gather material for the proposed amendment of the Bourse laws.

The sphere of social policy is also one in which there continues to be a profound divergence between the Conservative and the Liberal view. German industrialists are becoming seriously disturbed at what they consider to be the hasty and ill-considered manner in which social legislation is being developed. Thus the Associated Industrialists of the Cologne District, in their recent report, warned German industry to be on its guard against what they described as "hypersocial" legislation, and expressed the apprehension that the new Reichstag was even more likely to

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indulge in an exaggerated social policy than its predecessor. With the parties and the Government vying with each other in their efforts to gain popular favor, the outlook for industry, from the employers' point of view, is considered depressing, since social reforms are almost invariably introduced at their expense. In their opinion the situation is further aggravated by the fact that the Prussian Government has set the example of introducing a nine-hour day, and regular holidays at full wages, for workmen in the service of the State. The result, it is contended, is that private employers of labor have been placed at a disadvantage, since they have to reckon with competition not only at home but also in foreign countries, where these advanced social views have not yet asserted themselves. Apart from this fact, moreover, the whole character and purpose of private industrial enterprise is different from the nature and objects of State undertakings. These considerations are urged in favor of a more gradual process of social legislation upon the ground that many of the compulsory measures which are being enforced in the guise of so-called reforms would ultimately evolve themselves out of the natural order of things. Above all, it is objected that Germany ought to await social developments in other rival countries before handicapping herself by irrevocable commitments in this sphere.

The Central Association of German Industrials, as well as a number of local chambers of commerce, have repeatedly made representations to the Government and to municipal authorities on the subject of granting concessions to their servants which private employers of labor are not yet prepared to accord. These efforts have so far proved unavailing. Indeed, the Imperial Chancellor lately approached the Central Association with a view to securing its support for his own social policy on Conservative-Liberal lines. One of the first social political measures of the new era is likely to be the enforcement of a universal ten-hour working-day for women instead of that of eleven hours now prevailing. In the South-German cotton and textile trade this reform has already been introduced. In the Cologne district the *maximum* ten-hour day, exclusive of meal-times, is also in operation, and it is generally regarded as being far more compatible with social and industrial requirements than the nine-hour day which obtains in the State railway workshops. The process of industrialization in a State, it is argued, produces its

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own reforms in its own good time, and it is pointed out that the demand for labor is the regulating factor both in the reduction of the working hours and in the increase of wages. Increased industrial activity of itself entails a continuous improvement in the conditions of labor.

These questions of social policy, together with other kindred problems, such as that of framing a law which will give scope to employers' associations without unduly strengthening the position of labor-unions, present difficulties which will severely tax the loyalty of the various members of the *Bloc* to each other and to the Government. The insurrection in Southwest Africa has long been at an end, and the "national" issues upon which, with a loud flourish of trumpets, the Reichstag was dissolved last December, stand revealed as a mere farce. The fortuitous combination of Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals, which was used by the Government with the avowed object of teaching the Centre party a lesson, has served its purpose. The question is whether these strange bedfellows, who have been brought together by Prince von Bülow's professed desire to "mate the Conservative with the Liberal spirit," will be able to maintain an unbroken front against the strongest party in the Reichstag, which contains in its ranks some of the most practical of German politicians. Experience so far has shown that the Radicals are a totally untrustworthy quantity. When it suits their purpose to assert themselves against the Government they cheerfully go over to the enemy. And, if the Conservatives decline to cooperate in a purely Radical policy, Prince von Bülow's programme of social reform, vague as it is, stands a chance of proving the still-born offspring of an unnatural alliance. On the other hand, if the *Bloc* makes a practice of trying to outbid the Centre in its social proposals, the Government may find itself forced into a position from which retirement will be difficult.

ST. PETERSBURG, *April, 1907.*

MEDIAEVAL schoolmen had an axiom to the effect that causes operate in accordance with their nature. And of the present Duma this is manifestly true. The second Russian Parliament consists of a very mixed crowd of ill-assorted individuals, most of whom are themselves sorely in need of elementary instruction, yet who, taken together, are supposed to give light and guidance

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to a nation of 150 millions and to change for the better the institutions of the country. Troglodites gathered together to restore an old Gothic Church, would have a much easier task. Like the wedding guests in the Gospel, they are men picked up in the highways and byways who are become legislators in spite of themselves, and might just as well have become astronomers or physicians. There are Russians and Germans, Esthonians and Letts, Poles and Lithuanians, Georgians, Armenians, Tartars, Bashkirs and Ruthenians, all loving their own language and respecting their own traditions. If we classified them by creeds we should find Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Orthodox Christians, Old Believers, Stundists, Mohammedans, Buddhists and Jews. And these are but a few of the divisions. Political shades give rise to more. Many of the deputies, for instance, are men with a past of which they are proud: some have been in prison, others in Siberia, many under police surpervision or banished from their native provinces, while a few were exiles abroad; in a word, they and the *régime,* which is also represented in the Duma, have been at daggers' ends too long to regard each other with any feelings but bitter hatred or supreme contempt.

Forty-three per cent. of the deputies are quite uneducated men, who might perhaps make laws for a tiny State like the Republic of San Marino, but are utterly unfitted to legislate for a vast nation like Russia, during one of the most terrible crises that any community has ever undergone. Indeed, they are incapable even of forming an idea of the task set them. Many of them look upon the universe as Homer's contemporaries might have contemplated it, while others could have lived without feeling strange in the days when Christianity was first recommended to Prince Vladimir on the ground of the sweet singing that forms part of its liturgy. It is noteworthy that the larger the percentage of educated members in a party, the more moderate are its views and the more parliamentary its behavior. Thus in the "Octoberist" group, whose programme is identical with that which the Tsar himself enounced in the Charter of October, 1905, not less than 59 per cent. of the members received instruction either at universities or at other high schools. The "Cadets" — as the Constitutional Democrats are called—come next in the matter of schooling and moderation. They were once, last year, on the point of being summoned by the Tsar and commanded to form

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a Cabinet. Of the "Cadet" deputies, 45 per cent. have passed through the higher educational establishments, some of them being professors, lawyers, journalists, ex-bureaucrats. More to the Left still stand the deputies of the Labor party, of whom 55 per cent. have no claim to be regarded as educated, and the Social Democrats, of whom just one-half lack intermediate school instruction.

A couple of days ago one of the peasant deputies complained to a journalist in the Duma that he could not make head or tail of the whole business. "We came here to get land," he said, scratching his head in token of despair, "but we are tripped up wherever we turn. Each of us has received mountains of printed documents. Among them are the Finance Minister's estimates, the second half of which contains two thousand pages." "Do you read them?" "Not I. How could I? Why, in three years I could not flounder through all that; and besides, I don't understand anything about it." "Then, why, pray, did they elect you instead of somebody capable of understanding?" "Well, you see, this is how the elections were made. At first we didn't know whom to choose. Then, just before the voting-day, the police made a raid on some of the villagers' houses, seeking for revolvers or bombs. Well, that was enough. Our people elected the men who were suspected by the police."

Now, even if this scratch assembly were willing to prescribe for the ills of the Russian Empire, it could not carry out its intention, because it is not intellectually and morally equipped for the task. Over five hundred individuals, mostly uneducated men, of violent prejudices, sluggish minds and wholly inexperienced in public affairs, cannot be expected, even with the best will in the world, to bring into harmony the conflicting interests of the many nationalities, religions, climates, of which the vast Russian Empire is made up. "Nobody can give what he does not possess," is an adage of the mediæval schoolmen, which is certainly applicable to this case. Then how hopeless the effort to get these political tigers and lambs, wolves, sheep and shepherds, sharks, rhinoceroses, hawks and sparrows to combine and work for an object of which only a few have any understanding, and which even they generally misunderstand!

But the bulk of the deputies themselves are determined not to undertake the task. Like the Irishman who described himself

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as sober enough to know that he was not sober, they are quite qualified to see that they are not qualified. And what is more, they would not, even if they could, set their hands to the work. On the contrary, they are bent on doing everything in their power to thwart any efforts that may be made in that direction. And in a matter of this kind it is superlatively true that where there's a will there's a way.

Like most Parliaments, the Duma, despite its thirty-three different parties, may be roughly split up into three sections: the more or less moderate Centre, the conservative Right and the radical Left. Each of these is in turn divisible into groups and fractions, which may, under certain conditions, again fall apart, but for all practical purposes they may be treated as indivisible units. The kernel of the centre is made up of about a hundred Constitutional Democrats, who will probably form the governmental party of the future, but are in opposition to-day. They are mostly enlightened, ambitious men who, while they can count upon no powerful following in the country, have turned the court and government against them by coquetting with revolutionists and truckling to Social Democrats. Putting their trust neither in the princes nor the people, they seek to make up by parliamentary strategy for what they lack in number. They live on their wits, and are therefore not thriving. But they attract the votes now of the Left, now of the Right, and are able at times to wield a powerful influence on the course of the debates. It was thus that they had their own man, M. Golovin, chosen speaker of the House as the result of a compromise by which they gave seven other posts, including those of vice-presidents and secretary, to various fractions of the Left, entirely excluding those of the Right, whose members constitute one-fifth of the Duma. It was ingenious, unjust and successful.

But the "Cadets," who are opportunists, have a political programme which, however, they are quite ready to modify when necessary. Their specific for the present ills of Russia may be summarized thus: "Our programme modified by circumstance and carried out exclusively by ourselves. Men and measures are indispensable, but especially men. And we alone know the magic word." Land expropriation is one of the remedies prescribed by the Cadets and anathematized by the Court.

The "Octoberists" are less radical and much less numerous

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than the Constitutional Democrats. Their programme is peaceful development on the lines traced by the Tsar in his Ukase of the 30th October; their chief weakness lies in their lack of organization in the Duma and in the country, and it is intensified by their irresolution, and by their lack of faith in their aims, in themselves, in anything. A third party, which is also looked upon as part of the centre, is composed of the thirty-four Poles, whose ideal is autonomy, whose discipline is exemplary, and whose tactics reveal a degree of political training which is unexampled in Russia.

The Right, like the other two sections, is a composite entity. Part of its members feel drawn towards the Government and willing to uphold M. Stolypin's line of policy, while another part is resolved to frustrate that policy by every means in its power. The latter are reactionaries, who deplore the line of action which led to the granting of a constitution by the Tsar, and place the salvation of the country in a frank return to the autocratic *régime*, quickened perhaps with an infusion of the modern spirit of progress. Among those reactionaries are the anti-Semites of the type of Krushevan and Purishkevitch, who sum up all the hostile forces that encircle and threaten the Russian people in the one word "Jews." Every national catastrophe, every partial calamity, war and famine, trade stagnation and industrial strikes are all the handiwork of the Jews. And these reactionaries have a strong following in the land. It would be strange, indeed, were it otherwise among a population which is still mediæval in superstition and Bœotian in intellectual enlightenment. Foreigners can hardly realize the mental and moral condition of the Russian masses.

The fractions of the United Left are implacable enemies of the Government and the *régime*. Between the two there can be neither peace nor truce. Some among them perhaps would be contented with the peaceful establishment of a democratic republic, but the others want very much more, and are further convinced that nothing worth having can be obtained without violence and bloodshed. The nationalization of land, of capital and machinery, the abolition of the death penalty, and a number of other equally far-reaching changes in the social and political framework of Russia are among the aims of these reformers. Now they are well aware that they can carry these

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measures only by force, well organized and actually employed. At the last Duma they imagined that they were already strong enough at least to terrify the Government and force it to evacuate the outworks of the fortress. But when the decree of dissolution was carried out without provoking a rising or even a protest in the provinces, it became evident that they had made a gross miscalculation. This time, therefore, they are aware of their weakness and resolved to run no risks. Their plan is to organize the masses against the Government, and their method consists in spreading subversive doctrines from the tribune of the Duma. Therefore they hold that the existence of the Duma must not be endangered by any such outbreaks of indignation as wrought the destruction of the first Russian Parliament. That is the view taken by the social revolutionists and the Social Democrats; in a word, by all the fractions of the United Left. And everything that has taken place in the Duma since the first sitting was held becomes intelligible and reasonable when interpreted in the light of those tactics.

The first Duma tried to storm the citadel of the Monarchists, the second is resolved to lay siege to it patiently. Ministers were peremptorily summoned to resign by the first batch of deputies; they are being cleverly pressed into the service of the revolution by the second batch. And hitherto they have lent a helping hand right willingly. Indeed, an onlooker, unacquainted with Russian affairs, would be tempted to set down the Tsar's ministers as lukewarm fellow workers of the revolutionists — they offer them such excellent openings and favorable opportunities, and they fall in so readily with the plans of their enemies. And all this is done so cheerfully and deliberately that one is sometimes disposed to assume that the Ministers know what they are about, and have in reserve some magic spell which in the nick of time will change the enemies into friends and helpmates.

Over a month has now elapsed since the Duma first met, but as yet not a bill has been passed or approved, and only the budget has been discussed. But, then, the work of organizing the masses has moved apace, and even the troops are showing signs of the changes which persevering propaganda can effect. The Generals are alarmed and powerless. They see disaffection gnawing the vitals of the army, but they may not do anything against the malady. Countless leaflets and inflammatory appeals—in the

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form of speeches delivered in the Duma by inviolable deputies—have been distributed broadcast over the land, and the peasantry, whose respect for the printed word borders on idolatry, is being drawn further and further away from the cause of monarchism and order. If the Duma were not sitting this food of disaffection would be forbidden by the police, but now the very Government helps to distribute it impartially. If that process were continued for a twelvemonth the dynasty which could not, as things now stand, survive the death or deposition of Nicolai Alexandrovitch, would be swept into the limbo of the past, and with it all the traditions, achievements and failures of the monarchical *régime*. And the Tsar's Ministers are working hard to prolong the life of the Duma, which is toiling for that. Even as it is, the revolutionists have advanced their cause perceptibly, and certain of the reactionary changes which the Tsar's Government might have effected without provoking serious troubles after the dissolution of the first Duma have now become impossible.

Every question hitherto raised by the Opposition and discussed by the Duma has been carefully selected with an eye to the opportunity it offers for inflammatory speeches and to the ease with which it may be used as a text without necessitating any such decision as would render a dissolution necessary. After the Premier's official announcement, for example, the first topic debated was whether the Duma should despatch deputies to the provinces to ascertain whether the public corn granaries, which are kept for the purpose of feeding the peasantry in famine years, were full, and if not, why not. But the real object of this proposal was to enable the deputies under cover of inviolability, to travel from place to place preaching rebellion at the public expense. The Constitutional Democrats, whose self-imposed duty it is to keep the balance between the extremes, then proposed not to send commissioners, but to form a committee to study the documents bearing on the subject. And M. Stolypin closed with the suggestion right joyfully. His friends applauded warmly, and his press claimed that he had won a signal victory over the Left. And to some extent that apparent victory has implanted in the Premier's mind the conviction that besides being an orator he is also a parliamentary leader, and can find a *modus vivendi* which will enable him to work with the Duma for the well-being of the nation.

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The next topic mooted in the Duma turned upon the military field tribunals, which deal death to murderers with a degree of uncertainty that is truly demoralizing. It was a splendid theme for declamation, and the revolutionary deputies made the most of it. Examples of unfairness, of crying injustice, were given in abundance. But as usual there were true and false. For nothing that is asserted in the Duma or published in the newspapers can be accepted unless confirmed by independent evidence. For example, the Socialist leader, Alexinsky, narrated a case which caused a certain sensation among his hearers. Two Letts in the Baltic Provinces, Kelle and Janson by name, were tried by the field tribunal in January and acquitted, but were kept in prison until March and then shot. That was one tale; the other was just as sensational. And the Russian public still believes them both. As a matter of fact, they are false. The two Letts were not tried in January, but their trial was postponed then. Neither were they shot in March or at any time. They are still alive and in prison. That, however, is but a characteristic detail. Another equally characteristic detail was the challenge thrown by the Prime Minister to the Duma to condemn publicly and solemnly all political assassination, whether as an end or a means. But it was left unanswered. The Duma will not condemn political assassination. And the men who thundered against the death penalty as immoral, inhuman and intolerable, refused to raise their voices against the cruel murders of thousands of citizens who care nothing for politics and crave only for a life of peaceful activity. The main point throughout this debate was the facility which it offered for appeals made to the revolutionary elements of the nation over the heads of the deputies.

How to find work for the unemployed was the next riddle propounded to the Chamber. Some members asked that the State should bind itself to pay every operative who has nothing to do one-half his wages while out of work. Others made other proposals hardly more practical. The Premier pointed out that wanton strikes were at the bottom of much of the misery that now prevails in the Empire, and he instanced the crews of the Caspian steamers who have refused to go back to work until their employers accede to a number of demands, some of which are preposterous. For example, seamen shall be allowed to rest from work of all kind on Sundays and holy days—of which Russia

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has more than her share—even when the steamers are sailing! But nobody paid attention to M. Stolypin's warning that these and similar strikes would work the ruin of Russian trade and industry. For that entire discussion, as well as the debates on the agrarian question, had but one object, to enable the revolutionary members to inspirit their followers in the country.

As the key-word of the aims of the Duma is notoriously the organization of the masses in the provinces against the Government, it is worthy of remark that the Premier should be constantly on the alert for every fresh device by which he may save the Parliament from destruction. His solicitude is touching, almost tragical. For M. Stolypin is a man without guile, whose word is an adequate exponent of his intentions, and whose intentions emanate from patriotic considerations. On his part there can be no question of mental reservation. All the more amazing is the line of action he is pursuing. The dispassionate onlooker cannot but feel that while the Duma is demonstrating its unwillingness to legislate, the Cabinet is proving its incapacity for governing the nation.

The centre of gravity is therefore in the country. And the country is moving towards revolution and anarchy uninterruptedly. The students of high schools have proclaimed publicly that, imitating the tactics of the Duma, they will strive to keep the universities open as revolutionary centres and sanctuaries, beyond the threshold of which the police may not penetrate. They will do everything but study there. Crimes against property and person are increasing in number and in cruelty. In some districts the peasants have cut down wood, rifled mansions, fought skirmishes with the police or the troops, leaving over twenty dead on the field. Human life has fallen enormously in value. Here is an extract from one day's telegrams in the morning paper: "*Kharkoff*.—Last night the university was surrounded by Cossacks and police. The latter, entering, found three illegal meetings going on, in which about 100 outsiders were taking part. *Grodno*.—At eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th eighteen prisoners escaped from the gaol by breaking down the stone wall, climbing up the spout to the roof and letting themselves down by strips of linen sheet. *Lodz*.—On the night of the 15th the police, entering the lodging of Kopcheffsky to make a search, were met by five men who emptied their revolvers at them. Three

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policemen fell wounded. *Cherkassy.*—In the village Khlipovka the priest has been robbed. His daughter was dishonored before his eyes. He died on the spot of heart paralysis. His wife went mad. *Vladimir.*—Five hundred drunken peasants gutted a tavern. After unavailing exhortations to disperse the crowd, the police fired. Ten men were wounded, eight died. Order is restored."

But few incidents could characterize the lawlessness of the country and the demoralization of the people more fully than the wanton murder of the ex-Deputy Yollos in the very centre of Moscow in the broad daylight. Yollos was not only a harmless politician, he was a man of warm impulse, generous inspiration and great learning. A member of the Cadet party, he was moderate and straightforward, modest and retired. His murder could do nobody any good. It was obviously calculated to discredit irremediably the party to which it could be brought home, so obviously that no party wicked enough to conceive such a crime would be stupid enough to perpetrate it. The revolver-shot was fired at the gate of a house in which a press organ of the extreme reactionary Right is published. But that party—which has publicly condemned assassination—could gain absolutely nothing by this murder, which the revolutionists at once accused them of having plotted. The authorities who are investigating the dastardly crime have arrested three persons on suspicion—but all three have turned out to be revolutionary agents. And now the conservatives' heart is made glad, and the revolutionists are accused of having hired assassins to do Yollos to death in order to hold up the extreme Right, which alone supports the Government, to the execration of the world. Whichever of these charges proves founded is immaterial to the outsider. The significant fact is that such revolting crimes should be thoroughly threshed out in such businesslike fashion by professional politicians.

Happily there are also moral and religious forces at work in the country, as yet hardly noticeable to the outsider, but none the less powerful. And they are growing fast. These may perhaps yet infuse the ichor of ethical life into the veins of the diseased nation. But of such elements there is no sign in the Duma, many of whose deputies merely darken counsel by words. And from the second Duma, constituted as it is, little else than words can be reasonably expected.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *April 29.* A Galaxy of Spinsters.

WE herewith make brief replies to the following interesting communications from obdurate women who persist in thwarting the clearly defined plans of their Creator.

SIR,—You say, "Why not tax old maids?" It has long been an axiom in our land of the free that taxation without representation is tyranny; and although it is not unlike man to give woman cause to call him a tyrant, it is more short-sighted than usual in him to allow her such excellent proof of the truth of the accusation. Why not tax bachelors? You say, "There was never yet a woman who could not marry, as she should, if she would," but you have been discreetly silent regarding the men. They are not so numerous as women, and so have all the more chance to find mates "as they should, if they would." What keeps a man from marrying? Possibly because he cannot find the woman he wants, or some one else has found her first; perhaps because he is too selfish (or unselfish) to ask a woman to share his life; not improbably because he profits by his friends' experience. We contend the same reasons would make a woman "look before she leaped."

You say it is only necessary to be a woman to win a man; but you add, "*some* man." Possibly the woman may prefer spinsterhood to wifehood with "*some* man." The average woman does not always stop to consider whether she is fulfilling her destiny any more than does the average man.

You say that Eve, without being rich, beautiful or clever, managed to captivate Adam. But was Adam any richer, any better to look upon or any less stupid than poor Eve? And is it likely that they would have mated had there been any other men or women on the earth? Or would not Eve have considered matrimony longer and more hesitatingly had she realized all that it entailed?

You say that spinsterhood is purely a voluntary condition. I beg to differ. It is merely the lesser of two evils. If a woman finds a man she can love and respect, she will choose matrimony every time; but is it not better to be sorry (if sorry one must be) because one is *not* married than because one is? So the spinster argues.

Why an "old maid" should "humbly recognize the ignominy of her

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position" any more than a bachelor should I cannot understand. Her position, according to you, is a voluntary one; why, then, ignominious? But even if, as I hold is the case, she chooses to remain a spinster merely because it is less bad than marrying a man who is not for her *the* man, I cannot see why her position is ignominious. Surely, she deserves more credit than the woman who marries for money, for a home, or "to fulfil her destiny." Nowadays, the average "old maid" is not a "burden upon patient relatives"; for if she is not financially independent, she courageously shoulders the burden of earning her own living. Naturally, the "old maid" is more exacting than the matron; if this were not so she would probably have married. But that she is petulant, contemptuous of children, and only in rare exceptions kindly disposed toward animals, is open to dispute. It is the nature of the woman rather than her environment which makes her petulant; rarely is the "old maid" contemptuous of children; usually the complaint is that, having none of her own, she is entirely too interested in those of her neighbors. The statement that she dislikes animals more than other women is groundless, for many stray dogs, homeless cats, and abused horses find a protector in her rather than in the matron who is more busily employed. Decorous behavior is, I have found, still extant among "old maids"; and if the Puritanic primness has disappeared, it has been replaced not by a resentment against conventions, but by an independence of spirit rather than actions, which by rights belongs to those who have the courage of their convictions, as have spinsters in one direction, at least.

Lastly, since there are more women than men in this world of ours, I fail to see how you will dispose of the remaining women after all the men have mated. When you kindly tell how this is to be done we may consider the taxation of spinsters, not before.

I am, sir,

D. H. W., spinster.

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

Our correspondent fails to recognize the fundamental truth that the few men who succeed in evading matrimony are actuated, not by selfishness, but by fear. We have already patiently explained that the spinster's position is ignominious *because* it is assumed voluntarily; it is the man who, if wanted, cannot escape. Adam was an ass, of course, but patently helpless in common with each of his male descendants; apparently it was a small garden, and he could neither hide nor get away. Moreover, it is a horrifying thought, which we occasionally contemplate with serious dissatisfaction, that history fails to record that our first parents were ever properly married at all, and that, consequently, from the high moral standards of the present day, we are all illegiti-

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mate offspring of an irregular alliance. The most desirable method of disposing of superfluous females is truly a subject worthy of serious consideration. Possibly a solution might be found in the Yale professor's conclusion that polygamy affords the only effective remedy for race suicide.

SIR,—Your article on taxing spinsters so persistently haunts me that I cannot resist the temptation to try to defend myself and other unfortunate(?) women belonging to my class.

You say we enjoy all the advantages of civilization, which is quite true; but that we make no adequate return I must differ from you. Such noble examples as Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Jane Addams, and others too numerous to mention refute this charge.

You say our possessions are only made to yield a "slight"(?) contribution to the common fund.

Wrong again. My taxes are much higher than my man neighbor's, though his house is much more expensive in every way than mine. My personal-property tax is also equal to that of the next to the richest man in town, which is absurd. When I called the attention of the assessor to the figures, he said it was because I had no vote. Yet "taxation without representation is tyranny." I do not care to vote; I am no politician; but I should like to be exempt from taxes if I cannot at least be assessed on the same scale as my neighbor.

I have seen few unmarried women that were burdens on their relatives. Spinsters have a great many of the cares of married life without any of its joys. I will be personal. For illustration, I am a high-school and college graduate; can sew, knit, paint; have been soloist in the church choir, having a clear soprano voice; can cook anything, bake anything, make butter, candles, soap; I have all the old-fashioned virtues which were taught to me. I can also embroider nicely, and have done lace-making. I make my own hats and some for my friends. I worked as bookkeeper and stenographer in an office for the same men for five years. During this time I was called to take charge of my little niece six hours old and my nephew one day old, and I have been with them in all their little sicknesses during their lifetime. My sister married, eighteen years ago, a wealthy farmer. She was then a young schoolteacher of twenty-three. The match seemed a desirable one. I never have received any remuneration for work done in her home. The husband is land-crazy, and a mean man. She has to ask for money, and account for every penny she spends. He goes to town, buys tobacco and whatever else he likes, and returns when he gets ready. I practically clothe her and the children, as I buy the material and make their clothes, and get my money back in dribs of one dollar and less, as she can sell a few eggs or chickens. The world thinks she has done so well; but I, who know him, would not take that overbearing brute and live with him if he had all the farms in the United States.

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I deny that women can marry "as they should, if they would." I have had three proposals, but I should have hated myself for being sold as a slave, for that is what marriage without love would mean for me. I am sensitive and refined, not beautiful or homely. There are thousands just like me all around you. There are not enough good men to go around, and there are too many clinging vines.

Old maids are born, not made. I love children, and can enter into their pleasures, plans and pains more readily than most of their mothers. I like women, and get along beautifully with the old ladies; they frequently try to think of some one good enough for me. But as long as I can work I am satisfied. I do my share to make the community self-supporting, self-respecting, and God-loving.

I am, sir,

YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

ILLINOIS.

Since our prosperous Unknown Friend is not willing to vote, what right has she to complain of the acts of those chosen by others to fill public positions? It is idle to hark back to "no taxation without representation," while refusing to represent even oneself. And why, in conscience, deny our primary assertion that every woman can marry if she will, and with the next breath confess to three proposals brazenly and inhumanly rejected? To enter voluntarily a state of slavery is clearly unwise, but in this case of one for whom all of the old ladies in the neighborhood have been unable to find a worthy mate, we venture to suspect that the other party to the contract, had there been one, would have discovered very quickly that marriage does not invariably involve subjection of the female.

SIR,—Your "Diary" is delightful, and the letters you are publishing are intensely amusing. Being a spinster, I cannot keep out of the row —so here's a suggestion:

Why not compel each spinster, bachelor and divorcee to become personally responsible for the care and education of a child laborer? For unmarried folks to have a *living, growing* interest *outside* of themselves is a great thing. This is a poor substitute for real parentage. All women should be, and can be, mothers (or so it seems to some of us); but how much do we really know about it? To tax them for not marrying would simply be another incentive for women to tell fairy-tales about their ages.

You mention several books with German titles on sex propagation. Are these published in English? If so, where can I buy them? Thanking you for the pleasure your "Diary" gives me,

I am, sir, D. B. J.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

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No spinster or bachelor is competent to train up a child in the way he should go; divorcees do not interest us.

SIR,—The satirical way in which you wave aside as over-squeamish the demand of a correspondent that a man be "good" and "honest" if he is to recommend himself to a good woman in marriage, arouses me to protest. The subject is not one for flippancy; it lies at the root of society. Deeper than any other social question lies this one of the right kind of fatherhood and motherhood for the race.

Some of the best women I have known, some of those best fitted for motherhood, have either, by their own confession, remained wholly unnoticed by men, or from fine pure motives refused to join their lives to men who could not make good fathers to their children. When every woman will insist on the goodness and honesty that you dismiss so lightly as unobtainable, we shall begin to raise a race of which we can be proud; and until that time comes, long hence (but you, Mr. Editor, can help it to be shorter), we shall have to continue to be ashamed of our race, male and female.

There is in every large-souled woman an innate motherhood, a spiritual motherhood, that must somehow find its outlet. The opportunity for marriage, advantageous or ordinary, by no means comes to every woman of this type; such women are, on the whole, less attractive to men than their shallower sisters; and this is natural, since the world holds more shallow men than fine spiritual men. Such women will lavish their love on the children of those parents who lightly and carelessly propagate the race; and they need not grieve too deeply when the world of males fails to appreciate them. To some of them life is one long, sore lack. But I think it need not be so. The God who plants in a woman the craving for children can also show her that the mere physical maternity is but the shadow of real motherhood. From the latter, no accident of circumstance can cut her off. Her love will overflow the barriers of family that sometimes narrow a woman's usefulness; children not her own will rise up and call her blessed; and in their love there will be no touch of anything mechanical; it will be the pure devotion of a love that she has earned by her own intrinsic worth.

Do you not understand, Mr. Editor? Do you not see that spinsters of this kind are one of society's valuable assets, indispensable so long as marriage and family ideals continue to be so ignoble as they are at present? You should neither slur nor tax; you should reward!

I am, sir,

PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND. M. E. D.

The spinster, however large-souled, more often does harm than good when she undertakes the upbringing of other people's children, whose natures she cannot understand, and whose actual needs she cannot appreciate. She would much better marry a bad man and reform him.

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SIR,—Your ironical "Diary" entries concerning spinsters have been very interesting to me—naturally so, as I am a member of the reprehensible(?) class. But I disapprove of your sentiment when you say that a man may remain single because he cannot get the woman he wants, but that a woman shall marry whether or no. Is she to have no choice? Or is she simply to take "O Lord, anybody for a husband"? Perhaps some other woman has the man who "might have been" her choice. Or shall she torture her sensibilities by taking some one who might be more acceptable to some other woman? Far worse than not having the man one wants, is having a man one does not want.

Her presence in greater numbers is but a provision of Nature to guard against the supply being unequal to the demand.

And what would the world do without its superfluous women? Who else would take a disinterested interest in other people's children? Who would teach them from *first primary* to *grammar A*? To whom would nieces and nephews look for comfort and sympathy were it not for the "old maid auntie"? And not for that only, but for the ultimate legacy which parents are often too heavily *taxed* to give them?

So, please, do not impose an additional tax on old maids.

I am, sir, I. L. V.

NEW HOLLAND, OHIO.

Surely she should take him whom the Lord sends; any contrary suggestion is irreverent; besides, those whom He withholds are not available.

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